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The *Hymns for Church and Home*, compiled by Bishop Burgess, Dr. Mühlenberg, Dr. Coxe, Dr. Howe and Prof. Wharton, in 1860, seems to have been intended to call the attention of Convention to the enlarged resources of Hymnody. It had 28 versions of Latin hymns, and 19 of German, but the larger part was from the 18th century Evangelical School. This book stimulated the already widespread desire for an improved Hymnody. Some relief was





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# HYMNS

FOR



## CHURCH AND HOME.

COMPILED BY MEMBERS OF

The Protestant Episcopal Church,

AS A CONTRIBUTION TO ANY ADDITION THAT  
MAY BE MADE TO THE HYMNS NOW  
ATTACHED TO THE PRAYER-BOOK.



PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1860.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE use of metrical Psalms and Hymns in the English tongue is as ancient as the English Book of Common Prayer. At the publication of the Ordinal, in 1552, one ancient Hymn, the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, in the longer of the two forms which are now found in those offices, was incorporated into the ritual itself. To the version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins were also appended certain paraphrases and other devout verses; embracing the Lord's Prayer; the Ten Commandments; the Apostles' and Athanasian Creeds; the *Te Deum*; the Hymns from Scripture included in the Morning and Evening Prayers; and, with a few other lines, the Humble Suit, the Lament and the Complaint of a Sinner, three several forms of confession. These were probably from the same hands with those metrical Psalms, and bear date from the reign of Edward the Sixth.

Without other metrical voice, however, the public worship of the Church remained through a century which shines with names of poetic and Christian glory. While the old Latin Hymns were sung in the communion of the Church of Rome ; while those of the followers of Huss had not died away ; while millions of tongues echoed and re-echoed the songs of Luther and of his successors in Germany and Sweden ; the Church of England, in this resembling rather the Calvinist communions of Scotland, France, and Switzerland, held itself almost exclusively within the limit of versified portions of the sacred Scriptures. Content with the inheritance of its majestic liturgy, it loosened its hold on the sacred psalmody of the earlier Christian ages, and made no effort to enrich itself with new offerings from Spencer or Quarles, from Herbert or Donne, from Bishop Hall or Bishop King. The early Non-conformists, too, attempted no more.

At the revision of the Prayer-book in 1662, another version of the *Veni Creator* was added, and placed, as now, first in order. Small as was the step, it seems to have originated with a rising taste for the union of sacred words with flowing numbers in the offices of worship. The next step was the permission, in 1696, soon after the next revision or

attempt at revision, to sing the smoother Psalms of Tate and Brady ; of which Bishop Compton, of London, in recommending them to his Diocese, speaks as “a work done with so much judgment and ingenuity, that he is persuaded it may take off that unhappy objection which has hitherto lain against the singing Psalms ; and dispose that part of divine service to much more devotion.” It would seem that with this version, or about the same time, must have come in some more pleasing paraphrases of the other versified parts of Scripture and of the Te Deum, which were appended to later editions of the Prayer-book ; including our first hymn for Christmas, the first and third for Easter, the first for Whitsunday, and the first for the Holy Communion.

In the meantime the scattered effusions of Crashaw, Quarles, Herbert, Milton, Baxter, Bishop Taylor, and at length of Bishop Ken, had continued the impulse to the utterance of devotion in sacred verse, till it found, in the peculiar facility and the pious fervour of Watts, a most fitting instrument. His first book of Hymns was published in 1709, exhibiting at once a wonderful ripeness in his divine art. Within three years after, the few but exquisite Hymns of Addison appeared. Those of Doddridge

and of Charles Wesley followed in the next generation ; and still a generation later, those of Cowper, Newton, and Toplady.

From amongst all these a very few, and not always the same, found their way, we scarcely know how, between the covers of the Prayer-book. Such were the Hymns of Addison, the Morning and Evening Hymns of Bishop Ken, the Communion Hymn of Doddridge, and the Christmas Hymn of Wesley. They must have been already used in parish churches ; and usage, not authority, gave them their place with the Psalms. Although in most churches and on most occasions no Hymn may have been sung, it became established that this part of the public services was governed, not by the rule which prescribed the liturgy, but by that which left the sermon and its appendages to the direction of the minister. Many and various, therefore, have been the collections of Hymns which have now been published for parochial use in England.

When the American Prayer-book was set forth in 1789, a selection of twenty-seven Hymns received the same authoritative sanction with the metrical version of the Psalms. It is not obvious on what grounds exactly these twenty-seven were selected. Besides five of those paraphrases, which seem to

have proceeded from Tate or Patrick, and five Hymns of uncertain origin, there were five of Addison, six of Watts, four of Doddridge, and two were ascribed to the Wesley family.

So small was this supply, and from resources so limited, that it could not suffice after any considerable impulse should have been given to the growth of our communion. It did suffice, however, for almost twenty years; and then, the General Convention of 1808, on an application from the Diocese of Maryland, determined to add the definite number of thirty more. That number was accordingly made up; ten from Watts; ten from Mrs. Steele; three from Doddridge; two from Charles Wesley; with the strangely overlooked Morning and Evening Hymns of Bishop Ken; and with one by Beddome, and two of uncertain authorship.

The acknowledged want was hardly to be thus satisfied. These fifty-seven Hymns were not indisputably superior to all others; Logan, Cowper, Newton, Toplady, the Moravian Hymns, had been all passed by; the mass of Wesleyan sacred poetry had been scarcely consulted; the Church stood at disadvantage in comparison with the treasures which were unlocked to others; and every year, writers who shrank not from the judgment of the severest

taste, such as Heber, Montgomery, Bowdler, and Grant, increased the neglected wealth. There was a wide-spread desire to use these treasures ; and it went on and grew, till the General Convention of 1823, fifteen years after the last addition, were induced to refer the whole subject to a large Committee. That Committee made its report to the Convention of 1826 ; and the report embodied the existing collection of two hundred and twelve Hymns, of which only fifty-five had been in use before ; two being stricken out, undoubtedly for doctrinal reasons.

Of the one hundred and fifty-seven Hymns which were thus added in 1826, sixteen were the composition of Watts ; twelve of Mrs. Steele ; eleven of Doddridge ; eleven of Charles Wesley ; ten of Logan ; ten of Montgomery ; nine of Newton ; five of Cowper ; three of Toplady ; two of Pope ; two of Samuel Wesley ; two of Ogilvie ; two of Robinson ; two of Stennett ; two of Beddome ; two of Mrs. Barbauld ; two of Bishop Heber ; two of Sir Robert Grant ; twenty-two of writers, each of whom contributed but one ; and eleven of authors whom it is difficult to trace. Nineteen Hymns, also, were furnished by members of our own church ; nine of them by Bishop Onderdonk of

Pennsylvania ; five by Dr. Muhlenberg ; three by Bishop Doane ; one by Mr. Eastburn, and one by Mr. Key.

This complete collection of two hundred and twelve Hymns was declared, by a formal vote of the Convention, to be "no part of the Book of Common Prayer ;" but was "set forth and allowed to be sung in all the congregations of the Church." In the limitation suggested by this express permission, the Church has practically acquiesced ; and perhaps it would be unprofitable to discuss or decide whether the liberty which existed before such a permission has been absolutely relinquished. Should the want of a more copious treasury of sacred songs be seriously felt in our public worship ; should there be new Asaphs, of whose psalmody we could not bear to be deprived ; or should increased acquaintance with the Hymnals of the early Church, or of the mediæval times, or of other languages or other communions in our own days, disclose gems which it would be almost ungrateful to the Giver of all good gifts to disregard ; our ecclesiastical councils, representing the doctrine of the Church, and guided by wisdom from above, will know how to fulfil their holy trust.

But no deference for authority need restrain from

the compilation of more extensive selections, which may provide material for assistance in any such revision should it be held expedient; and till then may be welcomed in the chamber, the family, or the circle of Christian friends. It would be impossible, were it desirable, to forbid access to the many collections which have proceeded from such different sources. Two hundred Hymns, even were they without exception the best in our language, would not be all which ought to be read and sung; while several of the most respectable collections contain more than a thousand. Since 1826 several eminent writers of sacred poetry have arisen; and the productions of others have sunk much more deeply than before into Christian hearts. Many of the old Greek and Latin Hymns have been clothed in the garb of English verse, more or less flowing and felicitous. By skilful hands, too, the storehouse of the German wealth in this department of ecclesiastical literature has been opened. From each of these sources familiar lines are already amongst the endeared household words of our communion.

A collection, therefore, like that which is here offered, cannot be believed to be quite unsuitable or unacceptable. It takes the form of a supplement to the collection authorized by the Convention

of 1826 ; is arranged under the same order ; contains none of the same Hymns ; and, with that collection, should comprise whatever the general wishes of pious members of our Church might concur in desiring. It adds forty-two more of the Psalms and Hymns of Watts to the thirty-two which are already used. Forty-two of the most glowing in the volume are taken from Wesley, in addition to the small number of the previous fifteen. The eighteen from Doddridge, which are now sung, receive here an accession of sixteen. From Newton we had ten, and here have fourteen more ; from Cowper we had five, and here have twelve besides ; from Logan we had ten, and here have four in addition ; and four are also added to the former three from Toplady ; and four to the twenty-two from Mrs. Steele. These, with a few others of Sternhold, Milton, Herbert, Baxter, Merrick, Cotton, Beddome, Cennick, Hart, Gibbons, Gisborne, Davies, Barbauld, Hawkesworth, Kennett, of each but one or two, are fruits gathered, not gleaned, from fields which had been traversed but scarcely reaped before. The religious writings of Montgomery were then but partially published ; in their complete form they have yielded, besides the ten Hymns then adopted, not less than thirty-two ; and

in the same manner twelve, besides the previous two, have been taken from the series, then too little known, of Bishop Heber. Four from Milman, and two more from Grant might also have escaped attention at that time, though already public. Eight extracted from the sacred poetry of Keble; nine from that of Lyte; five from that of our own Crosswell; three from Brydges, a glowing writer of the Romish communion; six from Kelly; three from Bonar; three from Conder; three from Edmeston; two from Bishop Doane; two from Baptist Noel; one from Bowring; many bearing names less known; and almost all of more than fifty which are anonymous, could probably never have come under notice if they even existed thirty years since. Five simple Moravian Hymns are drawn from sources which certainly were not then consulted. Forty translations of Latin Hymns are almost all of recent publication. Sixteen from the German are equally recent. Thus is the present collection made up; and such are its relations to that which forms our established Book of Hymns.

The principles and grounds of selection could be no other than scriptural truth, devout feeling, ecclesiastical solemnity, poetic beauty, popular estimation, and adaptation to musical harmony. It is a

necessity, of course, that there should be frequent curtailments. In the delicate task of change for the sake of emendation, little has been attempted beyond a compliance with the rules of rhyme, rhythm, and grammatical, rhetorical, and doctrinal correctness. The original text has been followed, wherever a deviation was not more than justified. But a Hymn for the use of the Church of Christ is not a literary production, in which the reputation of the author is to be chiefly regarded.

The work of preparing a volume like this must needs be delightful, but also not a little laborious. Many hours of solitary study, and not a few days of protracted conference, have been given to results which will only be apparent, if at all, in the absence of certain faults and blemishes. The greatness of the end, if it could indeed be reached, was almost beyond exaggeration ; to furnish harmonious words to the devotion of hearts united in the communion of the saints. For this it was necessary that personal preferences should be yielded ; that earthly divisions should be forgotten ; and that those strains should command the ear and heart, which in every part of our land, in every congregation of our Church, in every order of minds to which the faith once delivered to the saints is dear, might be

the chosen utterance of humble and intelligent piety.

It cannot be too much to hope and believe, that a collection so large as this, and made on these principles, must, together with the Prayer-book collection, embrace almost all the choicest metrical Hymns in our language. Some may have been included, which the judgment of other compilers would have rejected ; but it is scarcely possible that many should be absent which would have been secure of general approval.

The persons who have undertaken the labour involved in the preparation of this book, and who must be responsible for the execution, are the Right Rev. Bishop Burgess, of Maine ; the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, of New York ; the Rev. Dr. Howe, of Pennsylvania ; the Rev. Dr. Coxe, of Maryland ; and Professor Wharton, of Kenyon College. They have been materially aided by the counsel and help of the Right Rev. Bishops Potter and Bowman, of Pennsylvania, the Rev. Dr. Andrews, of Virginia, and the Rev. John F. Young, of New York.

The book is now commended to the blessing of GOD, the FATHER, the SON, and the HOLY GHOST ; whose praises it would utter in every line.

MAY, 1860.

THE  
HOLY SCRIPTURES.

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HYMN

1.

L. M.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;  
In every star Thy wisdom shines;  
But when our eyes behold Thy word,  
We read Thy Name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days Thy power confess;  
But the blest volume Thou hast writ,  
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey Thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touch'd and glanced on every land.

4 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven;  
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,  
And make Thy word our guide to heaven.

## HYMN

## 2.

## L. M.

THE starry firmament on high,  
 And all the glories of the sky,  
 Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,  
 So brightly as Thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,  
 Its truths divine and precepts wise,  
 In each a heavenly beam I see,  
 And every beam conducts to Thee.

3 Almighty Lord ! the sun shall fail,  
 The moon forget her nightly tale,  
 And deepest silence hush on high  
 The radiant chorus of the sky :

4 But fixed for everlasting years,  
 Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,  
 Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,  
 When heaven and earth have pass'd away.

## HYMN

## 3.

## C. M.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page !  
 Majestic, like the sun,  
 It gives a light to every age ;  
 It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies  
 The gracious light and heat :  
 Its truths upon the nations rise ;  
 They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
 For such a bright display,  
 As makes a world of darkness shine  
 With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
 The steps of Him I love,  
 Till glory breaks upon my view  
 In brighter worlds above.

HYMN

4.

II. 4.

ISRAEL, in ancient days,  
 Not only had a view  
 Of Sinai in a blaze,  
 But learn'd the Gospel too :  
 The types and figures were a glass  
 In which they saw the Saviour pass.

2 The paschal sacrifice,  
 And blood-besprinkled door,  
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,  
 And once applied with power,  
 Would teach the need of other blood,  
 To make the sinner's peace with God.

3 The scapegoat on his head  
 The people's trespass bore,  
 And, to the desert led,  
 Was to be seen no more ;  
 In him our Surety seem'd to say,  
 "Behold ! I bear your sins away."

4 Dipt in his fellow's blood,  
 The living bird went free ;  
 The type well understood,  
 Expressed the sinner's plea,  
 Described a guilty soul enlarged,  
 And by a Saviour's death discharged.

5 Jesus, I love to trace,  
 Throughout the sacred page,  
 The footsteps of Thy grace,  
 The same in every age !  
 O grant that I may faithful be  
 To clearer light vouchsafed to me !

## HYMN

## 5.

## C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ;  
 Let us Thine influence prove ;  
 Source of the old prophetic fire ;  
 Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee  
 The prophets wrote and spoke :  
 Unlock the truth, Thyself the key ;  
 Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,  
 Brood o'er our nature's night ;  
 On our disorder'd spirits move,  
 And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know  
 If Thou within us shine ;  
 And sound, with all Thy saints below,  
 The depths of love divine.

HYMN

6.

C. M.

**A** GLORY in the Word we find,  
 When grace restores our sight;  
 But sin has darken'd all the mind,  
 And veil'd the heavenly light.

**2** When God the Spirit clears our view,  
 How bright the doctrines shine !  
 Their holy fruits and sweetness show  
 The Author is divine.

**3** How blest are we with open face  
 To view thy glory, Lord,  
 And all thine image here to trace  
 Reflected in thy word !

**4** O, teach us, as we look, to grow  
 In holiness and love,  
 That we may long to see and know  
 Thy glorious face above.

## CREATION.

HYMN

7.

III. 1.

**H**ERALDS of creation ! cry,—  
 Praise the LORD, the LORD most high !  
 Heaven and earth ! obey the call,  
 Praise the LORD, the LORD of all.

- 2 For He spake, and forth from night  
Sprang the universe to light :  
He commanded, — Nature heard,  
And stood fast upon His word.
- 3 Praise Him, all ye hosts above,  
Spirits perfected in love ;  
Sun and moon ! your voices raise,  
Sing, ye stars ! your Maker's praise.
- 4 Earth ! from all thy depths below,  
Ocean's hallelujahs flow,  
Lightning, vapour, wind, and storm,  
Hail and snow ! His will perform.
- 5 Vales and mountains ! burst in song ;  
Rivers ! roll his praise along ;  
Clap your hands, ye trees ! and hail  
GOD, who comes in every gale.
- 6 Birds ! on wings of rapture soar,  
Warble at His Temple door ;  
Joyful sounds from herds and flocks,  
Echo back, ye caves and rocks !
- 7 Kings ! your Sovereign serve with awe ;  
Judges ! own His righteous law ;  
Princes ! worship Him with fear ;  
Bow the knee, all people ! here.
- 8 Let His truth by babes be told,  
And His wonders by the old ;  
Youths and maidens ! in your prime,  
Learn the lays of heaven betime.

9 High above all height His throne,  
Excellent His name alone ;  
Him let all His works confess,  
Him let every being bless.

HYMN

8.

III. 1.

LET us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.  
Let us sound His name abroad,  
For of gods He is the God,  
Who by wisdom did create  
Heaven's expanse and all its state ;

2 Solid earth He did ordain  
How to rise above the main ;  
And, by His commanding might,  
Fill'd the new-made earth with light ;  
Caused the golden-tressed sun  
All the day his course to run ;  
And the moon to shine by night,  
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

3 All His creatures God doth feed,  
His full hand supplies their need ;  
Let us therefore warble forth  
His high majesty and worth.  
He His mansion hath on high,  
Past the reach of mortal eye ;  
And His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

## HYMN

## 9.

## C. M.

O NE Name above all glorious names,  
 With its ten thousand tongues  
 The everlasting sea proclaims,  
 Echoing angelic songs.

2 The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
     His boundless power display :  
 But in the gentler breeze we find  
     The Spirit's viewless way.

3 Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin  
     Forbids us to deservy  
 The mystic heaven and earth within,  
     Plain as the sea and sky.

4 Thou, who hast giv'n me eyes to see,  
     And love this sight so fair,  
 Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
     And read Thee everywhere.

## HYMN

## 10.

## C. M.

I SING the almighty power of God,  
     That made the mountains rise ;  
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
     And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
     The sun to rule the day :  
 The moon shines full at His command,  
     And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That fill'd the earth with food ;  
He form'd the creatures with His word,  
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how Thy wonders are display'd,  
Where'er I turn mine eyes,  
Though I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the skies !

5 There's not a plant or flower below,  
But makes Thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from Thy throne.

6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,  
Are subject to Thy care ;  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.

7 In heaven are seen His beams of love,  
His wrath in hell beneath ;  
'Tis on His earth I stand or move,  
And 'tis His air I breathe.

8 His hand is my perpetual guard,  
He keeps me with His eye :  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh ?

## PROVIDENCE.

HYMN

11.

C. M.

**A** NGELS, where'er we go, attend  
 Our steps, whate'er betide ;  
 With watchful care their charge defend,  
 And evil turn aside.

2 Myriads of bright cherubic bands,  
 Sent by the King of kings,  
 Rejoice to bear us in their hands,  
 And shade us with their wings.

3 Jehovah's charioteers surround ;  
 The ministerial choir  
 Encamp, where'er His heirs are found,  
 And form our wall of fire.

4 Ten thousand offices unseen  
 For us they gladly do,  
 Deliver in the furnace keen,  
 And safe escort us through.

5 And thronging round, with steadfast love,  
 They guard the dying breast,  
 The lurking fiend far off remove,  
 And soothe our souls to rest.

6 And when our spirits we resign,  
 On outstretch'd wings they bear,  
 And lodge us in the arms Divine,  
 And leave us ever there.

## HYMN

## 12.

## C. M.

**I**N Thee I live, and move, and am ;  
 Thou numberest all my days :  
 As Thou renew'st my being, Lord,  
 Let me renew Thy praise.

**2** From Thee I am, through Thee I am,  
 And for Thee I must be ;  
 'Twere better for me not to live,  
 Than not to live to Thee.

**3** Naked I came into this world,  
 And nothing with me brought,  
 And nothing have I here deserved,  
 Yet have I wanted nought.

**4** I do not bless my labouring hand,  
 My labouring head, or chance ;  
 Thy Providence, most gracious God,  
 Is my inheritance.

**5** The daily favours of Thy love  
 I cannot sing at large ;  
 Yet humbly may I make this boast,  
 I am the Almighty's charge.

**6** Lord, in the day Thou art about  
 The paths wherein I tread,  
 And in the night, when I lie down,  
 Thou art about my bed.

**7** O let my house a temple be,  
 That I and mine may sing  
 Hosannas to our loving God,  
 Our Father, and our King.

## HYMN

## 13.

## II. 5.

CHILDREN of God lack nothing,  
 His promise bears them through;  
 Who gives the lilies clothing,  
 Will clothe His people too :  
 Beneath the spreading heavens,  
 No creature but is fed ;  
 And He who feeds the ravens,  
 Will give His children bread.

2 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
 Their wonted fruit should bear ;  
 Though all the field should wither,  
 Nor flocks nor herds be there :  
 Yet, God the same abiding,  
 His praise shall tune my voice,  
 For while in Him confiding,  
 I cannot but rejoice.

## REDEMPTION.

## HYMN

## 14.

## II. 4.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow :  
 B The gladly-solemn sound !  
 Let all the nations know,  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made :  
Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption by his blood  
Throughout the world proclaim :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace ;  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

## HYMN

## 15.

## C. M.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,  
 We wretched sinners lay,  
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
 One spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace  
 Beheld our helpless grief;  
 He saw, and, oh ! amazing love,  
 He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,  
 With joyful haste He sped ;  
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
 And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills  
 Their lasting silence break,  
 And all harmonious human tongues  
 The Saviour's praises speak !

5 Angels assist our mighty joys,  
 Strike all your harps of gold ;  
 Yet, though ye raise your highest notes,  
 His love can ne'er be told.

## HYMN

## 16.

## II. 4.

JOIN all the glorious names  
 Of wisdom, love, and power,  
 That ever mortals knew,  
 Or angels ever bore ;  
 All are too mean to speak His worth,  
 Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,  
 Our tongues shall bless Thy name ;  
 By Thee the joyful news  
 Of our salvation came,  
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our Great High Priest,  
 Offer'd his blood and died ;  
 Our guilty conscience seeks  
 No sacrifice beside :  
 Thy powerful blood did once atone,  
 And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou Almighty Lord,  
 Our Conqueror and our King,  
 Thy sceptre and Thy sword,  
 Thy reigning grace we sing :  
 Thine is the power; behold we sit  
 In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

HYMN

17.

S. M.

**N**O blood of bird or beast,  
 On Jewish altars slain,  
 Could give the guilty conscience rest,  
 Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
 Takes all our sins away ;  
 A sacrifice of nobler name,  
 And richer blood than they.

3 \*

3 My faith would lay her hand  
 On that dear head of Thine,  
 While like a penitent I stand,  
 And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see  
 The burden Thou didst bear,  
 When hanging on the accursed tree,  
 And reads her pardon there.

5. Believing, we rejoice  
 To see the curse remove ;  
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
 And sing His bleeding love.

HYMN

18.

C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there may I, as vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransom'd church of God  
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing Thy power to save ;  
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN

19.

C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing  
 My great Redeemer's praise ;  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 And spread, through all the earth abroad,  
 The honours of Thy Name.

3 Jesus ! the Name that charms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease ;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
 He sets the prisoner free ;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
 His blood avail'd for me.

5 He speaks — and, list'ning to his voice,  
 New life the dead receive ;  
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;  
 The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,  
 Your loosen'd tongues employ ;  
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

HYMN

20.

P. M.

THE voice of free grace  
 Cries, escape to the mountain,  
 For Adam's lost race  
 Christ hath opened a fountain,  
 For sin and uncleanness  
 And every transgression,  
 His blood flows most freely  
 In streams of salvation.  
 Hallelujah to the Lamb  
 Who hath bought us our pardon,  
 We'll praise Him again  
 When we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded,  
 To Jesus repair ;  
 He calls you in mercy,  
 And can you forbear ?  
 Though your sins be as scarlet  
 Still flee to the mountain,  
 That blood can remove them  
 Which streams from this fountain.  
 Hallelujah, etc.

3 O Jesus ! ride onward,  
 Triumphanty glorious ;  
 O'er sin, death, and hell,  
 Thou 'rt more than victorious ;  
 Thy name is the theme  
 Of the great congregation,  
 While angels and saints  
 Raise the shout of salvation.  
 Hallelujah, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand  
 When escaped to that shore ;  
 With our harps in our hand  
 We will praise Him the more ;  
 We'll range the sweet fields  
 On the banks of the river,  
 And sing of salvation  
 For ever and ever.  
 Hallelujah, etc.

## HYMN

## 21.

## III. 3.

MIGHTY God ! while angels bless Thee,  
 May a mortal lisp thy name ?  
 Lord of men, as well as angels !  
 Thou art every creature's theme :  
 Lord of every land and nation,  
 Ancient of eternal days !  
 Sounded through the wide creation,  
 Be Thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,  
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;  
 For the wonders of creation,  
 Works with skill and kindness wrought ;

For Thy providence that governs  
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,  
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;  
 Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,  
 Bright, through darkness all along,  
 Thought is poor, and poor expression ;  
 Who can sing that wondrous song ?  
 Brightness of the Father's glory !  
 Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie ?  
 Break, my tongue ! such guilty silence,  
 Sing the Lord who came to die ;

4 From the highest throne of glory  
 To the cross of deepest woe,  
 All to ransom guilty captives !  
 Flow my praise, forever flow !  
 Come, and oh, to leave it never,  
 Come, Lord Jesus, take Thy throne ;  
 Quickly come, and reign forever ;  
 Be the kingdom all Thine own !

## THE CHURCH.

HYMN                    22.                    III. 3.

**G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God :  
 He, whose word cannot be broken,  
 Formed thee for his own abode ;  
 On the Rock of Ages founded  
 What can shake thy sure repose ?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove ;  
Who can faint while such a river  
Doth the spirit's thirst assuage ?  
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near.  
Bless'd inhabitants of Zion,  
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !  
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I through grace a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in thy Name :  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show ;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
None but Zion's children know.

## HYMN

23.

III. 4.

ONE sole baptismal sign,  
One Lord, below, above,  
Zion, one faith is thine,  
The only watchword — Love ;  
From many temples though it rise,  
One song ascending to the skies.

2 Head of the church beneath,  
 The catholic, the true,  
 On all her members breathe,  
 Her broken frame renew !  
 Then shall Thy perfect will be done,  
 When Christians love and live as one.

HYMN

24.

C. M.

COME, let us join our friends above,  
 That have obtain'd the prize,  
 And on the eagle wings of love,  
 To joys celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing,  
 With those to glory gone :  
 For all the servants of our King,  
 In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him,  
 One church above, beneath,  
 Though now divided by the stream,  
 The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,  
 To His command we bow ;  
 Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home,  
 This solemn moment fly ;  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And soon expect to die.

6 Oh, then, may we behold our Guide !  
 And when the word is given,  
 Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,  
 And land us all in heaven.

HYMN

25.

P. M.

**H**ead of the hosts in glory !  
 We joyfully adore Thee,  
 Thy church below,  
 Blending with those on high—  
 Where through the azure sky  
 Thy saints in ecstasy  
 Forever glow !

2 Angels ! archangels ! glorious  
 Guards of the church victorious !  
 Worship the Lamb !  
 Crown Him with crowns of light,  
 One of the Three by right—  
 Love, Majesty, and Might—  
 The great I AM !

3 Martyrs ! whose mystic legions  
 March o'er yon heavenly regions  
 In triumph round :  
 Wave high your banners, wave !  
 Your God, our Saviour, clave  
 For Death itself a grave,—  
 In hell profound !

4 Saints ! in fair circles, casting  
 Rich trophies everlasting  
 At Jesus' feet,

Amidst our rude alarms,  
 We stretch forth suppliant arms,  
 That we, too, safe from harms,  
 In heaven may meet !

5 Then raise the song of gladness,  
 To dissipate our sadness,  
 And dry our tears ;  
 We wend our weary way  
 Up to the realms of day,  
 And watch and wait and pray,  
 Through hopes and fears !

6 Saviour, in glory beaming,  
 With radiance brightly streaming,  
 Enthron'd in power,  
 Grant, by Thy awful name,  
 That we through flood and flame  
 The Gospel may proclaim,  
 Till life's last hour.

HYMN . . . . . 26. III. 1.

PEOPLE of the living God,  
 I have sought the world around,  
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
 Peace and comfort nowhere found :

2 Now to you my spirit turns,  
 Turns — a fugitive unblest ;  
 Brethren ! where your altar burns,  
 O receive me into rest.

3 Lonely, I no longer roam,  
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;  
 Where you dwell shall be my home,  
 Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore,  
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;  
 Earth can fill my soul no more,  
 Every idol I resign.

HYMN

27.

III. 5.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,  
 Zion, kept by power divine :  
 All her foes shall be confounded,  
 Though the world in arms combine :  
 Happy Zion,  
 What a favour'd lot is thine !

2 Every human tie may perish ;  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove :  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;  
 Heaven and earth at last remove ;  
 But no changes  
 E'er can change Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
 But can never cease to love thee ;  
 Thou art precious in His sight :  
 God is with thee,  
 God, thine everlasting light.

## HYMN

## 28.

## L. M.

K INDRED in Christ ! for His dear sake  
 A hearty welcome here receive ;  
 May we together now partake  
 The joys which only He can give

- 2 May He, by whose kind care we meet,  
 Send His good Spirit from above ;  
 Make our communications sweet,  
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
 When Christians meet together thus ;  
 We only wish to speak of Him  
 Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did, and said,  
 And suffer'd for us here below ;  
 The path He mark'd for us to tread,  
 And what He's doing for us now.
- 5 Thus, as the moments pass away  
 We'll love and wonder, and adore ;  
 And hasten on the glorious day  
 When we shall meet to part no more

## HYMN

## 29.

## II. 3.

F ORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
 Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;  
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
 Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here :  
 Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray ;  
 Turn not, O Lord ! Thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,  
 Long have we sought for rest in vain ;  
 Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,  
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost ;  
 Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;  
 Turn not, O Lord ! Thy guests away.

## HYMN

## 30.

## III. 1.

**G**REAT the joy when Christians meet ;  
 Christian fellowship how sweet !  
 When, their theme of praise the same,  
 They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we then eternal love  
 Such as did the Father move,  
 When he saw our race undone,  
 Lov'd the world and gave His Son.

3 Sing the Son's unbounded love,  
 How He left the realms above ;  
 Took our nature and our place  
 Liv'd and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love ;  
 With our stubborn hearts He strove,  
 Chas'd the mists of sin away,  
 Turn'd our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,  
 When the saints in glory meet ;  
 Where the theme is still the same,  
 Still Jehovah's glorious name.

## HYMN

## 31.

## III. 1.

CHRIST, through whom all blessings flow,  
 Perfecting the saints below,  
 Hear us who Thy nature share,  
 Who thy mystic body are :  
 Join us, in one Spirit join ;  
 Let us still receive of Thine ;  
 While for more on Thee we call,  
 Thou who fillest all in all.

2 Move and actuate and guide,  
 Divers gifts to each divide ;  
 Placed according to Thy will,  
 Let us all our work fulfil ;  
 Never from our office move,  
 Needful to each other prove ;  
 Let us daily growth receive,  
 More and more in Jesus live.

## HYMN

## 32.

## C. M.

COME in, thou blessed of the LORD,  
 Stranger nor foe art thou ;  
 We welcome thee with warm accord,  
 Our Friend, our Brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart  
 Of love, we offer thee ;  
 Leaving the world, thou dost but part  
 From lies and vanity.

3 The cup of blessing which we bless,  
 The heavenly bread we break,  
 (Our Saviour's blood and righteousness),  
 Freely with us partake.

4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,  
 Thy portion shall be ours ;  
 Christians their mutual burthen share.  
 They lend their mutual powers.

5 Come with us, we will do thee good,  
 As GOD to us hath done,  
 Stand but in Him, as those have stood,  
 Whose faith the victory won.

HYMN

33.

II. 3.

CITY of Heaven, Jerusalem,  
 Blest Vision of the Peace on high,  
 With living stones, each stone a gem,  
 Uplifted to the starry sky,  
 In all thy bridal splendour crown'd,  
 With thousand thousand angels round !

2 Oh, wedded to a lot most bright,  
 E'en with the Father's glory dower'd,  
 In all the Bridegroom's beauty dight,  
 Queen, in all loveliness embower'd ;  
 To Christ the king in marriage given :  
 Resplendent citadel of Heaven !

3 With purest pearls thy portals shine,  
 And day and night unclos'd remain,  
 And thither led by grace divine,  
 Of mortals winds an holy train,  
 Who, for the love of Christ, have borne  
 The racking cross, and robe of scorn.

4 With many a needful stroke, imprest  
 By dint of the great Builder's hand,  
 With many a blow these stones are drest,  
 And for that pile celestial plann'd,  
 Till fitly framed and firmly braced,  
 And on its rising summit placed.

## HYMN

## 34.

## III. 1.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,  
 In the land of light and love ;  
 Pleasant are thy courts below,  
 In this land of sin and woe.  
 O, my spirit longs and faints  
 For the converse of Thy saints,  
 For the brightness of Thy face,  
 King of glory, God of grace !

2 Happy birds that sing and fly  
 Round Thy altars, O Most High !  
 Happier souls that find a rest,  
 In their Heavenly Father's breast !  
 Like the wandering dove that found  
 No repose on earth around,  
 They can to their ark repair,  
 And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow,  
 Ever in this vale of woe ;  
 Waters in the desert rise,  
 Manna feeds them from the skies ;  
 On they go from strength to strength,  
 Till they reach Thy throne at length ;  
 At Thy feet adoring fall,  
 Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win ;  
 Guide me through this world of sin ;  
 Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
 Give me at Thy side a place ;  
 Sun and shield alike Thou art,  
 Guide and guard my erring heart ;  
 Grace and glory flow from Thee,  
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

HYMN

35.

C. M.

For All Saints.

THE Son of God is gone to war,  
 A kingly crown to gain ;  
 His blood-red banner streams afar :  
 Who follows in His train ?

2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,  
 And triumph over pain ;  
 Who boldest bears His cross below,  
 He follows in His train.

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
 On whom the Spirit came ;  
 Twelve warrior-saints, the truth they knew,  
 And braved the cross and flame..

4 They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven,  
 Through peril, toil, and pain ;  
 O God ! to us may grace be given  
 To follow in their train.

## FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

## THE LORD'S DAY.

HYMN

36.

C. M.

**A** GAIN the Lord of life and light  
**A** Awakes the kindling ray,  
**U**nseals the eyelids of the morn,  
 And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt  
 A guilty world in gloom !  
 O what a sun which broke this day  
 Triumphant from the tomb !

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain  
 To bind our Lord in death ;  
 He shook their kingdom, when He fell  
 By His expiring breath.

4 And now His conquering chariot wheels  
 Ascend the lofty skies ;  
 Broken beneath His powerful cross,  
 Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,  
 And loud hosannas sung ;  
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
 And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand thousand voices join  
 To hail this happy morn,  
 Which scatters blessings from its wings  
 On nations yet unborn.

## HYMN                    37.                    II. 4.

**G**OD the Creator bless'd  
 The Sabbath of His rest ;  
 His six days' work had brought  
 The universe from nought ;  
 The heavens and earth before Him stood,  
 He saw them and pronounced them good.

**2** GOD the Redeemer bless'd  
 The Sabbath of His rest,  
 When all his suffering done,  
 The Cross's victory won,  
 In Joseph's sepulchre he lay,  
 Then rising made a holier Day.

**3** And God the Spirit bless'd  
 That Christian Day of rest,  
 Where met with one accord  
 The Servants of the Lord ;  
 To whom the Father's promise came,  
 Like rushing wind and living flame.

**4** The Church below hath bless'd  
 And owns this Day of rest,  
 When in her spousal dress  
 Of blood-bought righteousness,  
 Her happy spirit can rejoice  
 To hear her heavenly Bridegroom's voice

**5** They love the hallow'd Day,  
 Who love to sing and pray ;  
 The Day of rest they love,  
 Who seek their rest above :  
 They love the Day of God in sev'n,  
 Who prize an antepast of heaven.

## HYMN

## 38.

## III. 5.

**G**OD is in His holy temple,  
All the earth keep silence here;  
Worship Him in truth and spirit,  
Reverence Him with godly fear;  
Holy, holy,  
Lord of Hosts, our **LORD** appear.

2 GOD in CHRIST reveals His presence,  
Throned upon the Mercy-seat:  
Saints, rejoice ! and sinners, tremble !  
Each prepare his GOD to meet:  
Lowly, lowly,  
Bow adoring at His feet.

3 Hail Him here with songs of praises,  
Him with prayers of faith surround;  
Hearken to His glorious gospel,  
While the preacher's lips expound;  
Blessed, blessed,  
They who know the joyful sound.

4 Though the heaven, and heaven of heavens,  
O Thou Great Unsearchable !  
Are too mean to comprehend Thee,  
Thou with man art pleased to dwell;  
Welcome, welcome,  
GOD with us, Immanuel.

## HYMN

## 39.

## S. M.

**S**TAND up, and bless the **LORD**,  
Ye people of His choice:  
Stand up, and bless the **LORD** your **GOD**,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,  
 Above all blessing high,  
 Who would not fear His holy name,  
 And laud and magnify ?

3 O for the living flame,  
 From His own altar brought,  
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
 And wing to heaven our thought !

4 GOD is our strength and song,  
 And His salvation ours ;  
 Then be His love in CHRIST proclaim'd  
 With all our ransom'd powers.

5 Stand up and bless the LORD,  
 The LORD your GOD adore ;  
 Stand up, and bless His glorious name  
 Henceforth for evermore.

HYMN

40.

L. M.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,  
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;  
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found ;  
 And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confin'd,  
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;  
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
 And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
 Thy former mercies here renew ;  
 Here too our waiting hearts proclaim  
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care,  
 To teach our faint desires to rise,  
 And open Heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;  
 Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;  
 O ! rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
 And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

HYMN

41.

II. 4.

LORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair,  
 The dwellings of Thy love,  
 Thine earthly temples are !  
 To Thine abode my heart aspires  
 With warm desires to see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young  
 With pleasure seeks a nest ;  
 And wandering swallows long  
 To find their wonted rest ;  
 My spirit faints, with equal zeal,  
 To rise and dwell among Thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray  
 Where God appoints to hear !  
 O happy men, that pay  
 Their constant service there !  
 They praise Thee still ; and happy they  
 That love the way to Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
 Till each arrives at length,  
 Till each in heaven appears :  
 O glorious seat, when God our King  
 Shall thither bring our willing feet.

HYMN

42.

C. M.

**B**LEST day of God ! most calm, most bright,  
 The first, the best of days ;  
 The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,  
 The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;  
 His rising thee did raise,  
 And made thee heavenly and divine  
 Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove  
 To all the sheaves behind ;  
 And they the day of Christ who love,  
 A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear ;  
 For, Lord, the day is Thine ;  
 Help me to spend it in Thy fear,  
 And thus to make it mine.

HYMN

43.

L. M.

**W**ITHIN Thy courts have millions met,  
 Millions this day before Thee bowed ;  
 Their faces, heavenward, Lord, were set,  
 Their solemn vows to Thee they vowed.

2 Still as the light of morning broke  
 O'er island, continent, and deep,  
 The far-spread family awoke,  
 Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3 From east to west the sun surveyed,  
 From north to south, adoring throngs ;  
 And still where evening stretch'd her shade,  
 The stars came forth to hear their songs.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,  
 Hath failed this day some suit to gain ;  
 To hearts in trouble Thou wast nigh,  
 Nor one hath sought Thy face in vain.

5 The poor in spirit Thou hast fed,  
 Thy chasten'd ones have kiss'd the rod,  
 The mourner Thou hast comforted,  
 The pure in heart have seen their God.

HYMN

44.

L. M.

WITH joy we hasten to the place  
 Where we our Saviour oft have met ;  
 And while we feast upon His grace,  
 Our burdens and our griefs forget.

2 Though poverty be ours at home,  
 Or with affliction we be fed,  
 It makes amends if we can come  
 To God's own house for heavenly bread.

3 We thank Thee, for Thy day, O Lord,  
 Here we Thy promised presence seek,  
 Open Thine hand, with blessings stored,  
 And grant us manna for the week.

## HYMN

## 45.

## C. M.

L ORD ! in the morning Thou shalt hear  
 My voice ascending high ;  
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,  
 To Thee lift up mine eye ;

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
 To plead for all His saints,  
 Presenting at His Father's throne  
 Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight  
 The wicked shall not stand ;  
 Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,  
 Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort,  
 To taste Thy mercies there ;  
 I will frequent Thy holy court,  
 And worship in Thy fear.

5 Oh ! may Thy Spirit guide my feet,  
 In ways of truth and grace,  
 Make every path of duty straight,  
 And plain before my face.

## HYMN

## 46.

## L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King  
 To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing ;  
 To show Thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
 No mortal care shall seize my breast ;  
 O may my heart in tune be found,  
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
 And bless His works, and bless His word ;  
 His works of grace, how bright they shine ;  
 How deep His counsels, how divine !

4 O, I shall share a glorious part,  
 When grace hath well refined my heart,  
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
 All I desired or wish'd below ;  
 And every power find sweet employ  
 In that eternal world of joy.

## HYMN

## 47.

## III. 5.

IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
 We, Thy people now draw near ;  
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;  
 Speak, and let Thy servants hear,  
 Hear with meekness,  
 Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,  
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee ;  
 Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,  
 May we run, nor wearied be,  
 'Till Thy glory  
 Without clouds in Heaven we see.

3 Then in worship, purer, sweeter,  
 Thee, Thy people shall adore,  
 Tasting of enjoyment greater  
 Far than thought conceiv'd before ;  
 Full enjoyment,  
 Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

HYMN

48.

III. 3.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
 Rest upon us from above !

2 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other and the Lord,  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN

49.

L. M.

DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord,  
 Help us to feed upon Thy word ;  
 All that has been amiss, forgive,  
 And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good,  
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;  
 Give every fettered soul release,  
 And bid us all depart in peace.

## ADVENT.

HYMN

50.

II. 3.

O WISDOM, who o'er earth below,  
 Forth from the mouth of God didst flow,  
 Draw nigh and help us when we call,  
 And strongly, sweetly order all ;  
 The path of prudence teach, that we  
 May dwell with Thee eternally.

2 Ruler and Lord, draw nigh, draw nigh !  
 Who to Thy flock on Sinai  
 Didst give, of ancient times, Thy Law,  
 In cloud, and majesty, and awe ;  
 Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,  
 And save, O God, Thine Israel.

3 Thou rod of Jesse's stem, arise,  
 And free us from our enemies ;  
 And set us loose from Satan's chains,  
 And from the pit with all its pains :  
 Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,  
 In haste to save Thine Israel.

4 Key of the House of David, come !  
 Re-open Thou our heavenly home !  
 Make safe the way that we must go,  
 And close the paths that lead below :  
 Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,  
 And save us, Lord, from sin and hell.

5 O Orient Star, arise, draw nigh,  
 To give us comfort from on high ;  
 And drive away the gloom of night,  
 And pierce the clouds and bring us light :  
 Draw nigh, O Lord, with us to dwell,  
 In mercy save Thine Israel.

6 Holy of Holies, hear our cry,  
 Thou Majesty of God most High ;  
 Destroy our sins, Thy people bless,  
 With everlasting righteousness :  
 Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emanuel,  
 And save Thy captive Israel.

7 O Thou on whom the Gentiles wait,  
 Who 'midst the nations shall be great ;  
 Thy Church's chief and corner-stone,  
 Who in Thyself hast made all one ;  
 O come and save, for Thy dear sake,  
 Mankind whom Thou of dust didst make !

8 Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emanuel,  
 And loose Thy captive Israel,  
 That mourns in lonely exile here,  
 Until the Son of God appear.  
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emanuel  
 Comes now to thee, O Israel.

HYMN

51.

L. M.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry  
 Announces that the Lord is nigh :  
 Come near and hearken, for he brings  
 Glad tidings from the King of kings.

2 Be purified each Christian breast,  
And furnish'd for so great a Guest:  
Yea, let us all our hearts prepare  
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,  
Our Refuge, and our great Reward ;  
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,  
And wither like a flower decay'd.

4 Stretch forth Thine hand a balm to pour  
And make us rise to fall no more ;  
Upon Thy pardon'd people shine,  
And fill the world with grace divine.

## HYMN

## 52.

## III. 3.

**L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Jesus, now Thyself revealing,  
Scatter every cloud beneath.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing,  
Life and joy Thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering  
Every meek and contrite heart.

3 Show Thy power in every nation,  
Oh thou Prince of peace and love !  
Give the knowledge of Salvation,  
Fix our hearts on things above.

4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Every burden'd soul release :  
 By the presence of thy Spirit,  
 Guide us into perfect peace.

HYMN

53.

S. M.

Y E servants of the Lord,  
 Each in his office wait,  
 Observant of His heav'nly word,  
 And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
 And trim the golden flame ;  
 Gird up your loins as in His sight,  
 For awful is His Name.

3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,  
 And while we speak He's near ;  
 Mark the first signal of His hand,  
 And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant, he  
 In prayer and watching found,  
 Who shall his Lord in rapture see,  
 And be with honour crown'd !

5 Christ shall the banquet spread,  
 With His own royal hand,  
 And raise that faithful servant's head  
 Among His angel band.

## HYMN

## 54.

## III. 1.

WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are ?  
 Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height,  
 See that glory-beaming star !  
 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of joy or hope foretell ?  
 Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day,  
 Promis'd day of Israel.

2 Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 Higher yet that star ascends !  
 Traveller ! blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.  
 Watchman ! will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
 Traveller ! ages are its own,  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth,

3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn.  
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease,  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
 Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo ! the Son of God is come !

## HYMN

## 55.

## C. M.

NOW gird your patient loins again,  
 Your wasting torches trim !  
 The chief of all the sons of men,  
 Who will not welcome him ?

2 Rejoice, the hour is near ! At length  
     The Journeyer, on his way,  
     Comes in the greatness of his strength,  
     To keep his Festal day.

3 O let the streams of solemn thought  
     Which in His temples rise,  
     From deeper sources spring than aught  
     Born of the changing skies.

4 Then, though the summer's pride departs,  
     And winter's withering chill  
     Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts  
     Shall be unchanging still.

## HYMN

## 56.

## C. M.

ONCE more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be  
     Upon the heavens display'd,  
     And earth and its inhabitants  
     Be terribly afraid :  
     For, not in weakness clad, Thou com'st,  
     Our woes, our sins to bear,  
     But girt with all Thy Father's might,  
     His judgment to declare.

2 The terrors of that awful day,  
     Oh ! who can understand ?  
     Or who abide, when Thou in wrath  
     Shalt lift Thy holy hand ?  
     The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,  
     The sun in heaven grow pale ;  
     But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,  
     Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass  
 Our time in trembling here,  
 That when upon the clouds of heaven  
 Thy glory shall appear,  
 Uplifting high our joyful heads,  
 In triumph we may rise,  
 And enter, with Thine angel train,  
 Thy palace in the skies.

## HYMN

## 57.

## L. M.

THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,  
 The hills their fixed seat forsake ;  
 And withering from the vault of night,  
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come, but not the same  
 As once in lowly form He came ;  
 A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
 The bruis'd, the suffering, and the dead !

3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,  
 With wreath of flame and robe of storm ;  
 On cherub wings and wings of wind,  
 Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be He, who wont to stray  
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,  
 By power oppress'd and mock'd by pride,  
 The Nazarene ? the Crucified ?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,  
 "Rocks hide us ! mountains on us fall !"  
 Thy saints, ascending from the tomb,  
 Shall joyful sing — "The Lord is come !"

## HYMN

## 58.

## C. M.

**M**ESSIAH ! at Thy glad approach  
 The howling winds are still ;  
 Thy praises fill the lonely waste,  
 And breathe from every hill.

2 The incense of the spring ascends  
 Upon the morning gale ;  
 Fresh o'er the hill the roses bloom,  
 The lilies in the vale.

3 Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,  
 A robe of beauty wears ;  
 And in new heavens a brighter sun  
 Leads on the promised years.

4 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace  
 A loud hosanna sing ;  
 With hallelujahs and with hymns,  
 O Zion, hail thy King.

## HYMN

## 59.

## P. M.

**T**HE Church has waited long,  
 Her absent Lord to see,  
 And still in loneliness she waits,  
 A friendless stranger she.  
 Age after age has gone,  
 Sun after sun has set,  
 And still in weeds of widowhood,  
 She weeps a mourner yet.  
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

## 2 Saint after saint on earth

Has liv'd, and lov'd, and died;  
And as they left us one by one,

We laid them side by side;  
We laid them down to sleep,

But not in hope forlorn;  
We laid them but to ripen there,

Till the last glorious morn.

Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

## 3 The serpent's brood increase,

The powers of hell grow bold,  
The conflict thickens, faith is low

And love is waxing cold.

How long, O Lord our God,

Holy, and true, and good,

Wilt Thou not judge Thy suff'ring Church,  
Her sighs, and tears, and blood?

Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

## 4 We long to hear Thy voice,

To see Thee face to face,

To share Thy crown and glory then,

As now we share Thy grace.

Should not the loving bride

Her absent bridegroom mourn?

Should she not wear the signs of grief

Until her Lord return?

Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

## 5 The whole creation groans,

And waits to hear that voice

That shall her beauteousness restore,

And make her wastes rejoice.

Come, Lord, and wipe away  
 The curse, the sin, the stain,  
 And make this blighted world of ours  
 Thine own fair world again.  
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

HYMN

60.

L. M.

**H**OSANNA to the living Lord !  
 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word !  
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.

- 2 Hosanna, Lord ! Thine angels cry ;  
 Hosanna, Lord ! Thy saints reply :  
 Above, beneath us, and around,  
 The dead and living swell the sound.
- 3 O Saviour ! with Thy loving care,  
 Return to this, Thy house of prayer :  
 Assembled in Thy sacred name,  
 Here we Thy parting promise claim.
- 4 But, chiefest in our cleansed breast,  
 Eternal ! bid Thy Spirit rest ;  
 And make our secret soul to be  
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee !
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day  
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
 Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,  
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.

## HYMN . . . . . 61. III. 5.

**L**O ! He comes with clouds descending,  
**L**Once for favour'd sinners slain :  
 Thousand thousand saints attending,  
 Swell the triumph of his train :  
 Hallelujah :  
 Jesus Christ shall ever reign !

2 See the universe in motion,  
 Sinking on her funeral pyre,  
 Earth dissolving, and the ocean  
 Vanishing away in fire ;  
 Hark ! the trumpet  
 Loud proclaims that day of ire !

3 Graves have yawn'd ; in countless numbers,  
 From the dust the dead arise ;  
 Millions, out of silent slumbers,  
 Wake in overwhelm'd surprise ;  
 Where creation,  
 Wreck'd and torn in ruin lies !

4 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
 Pure, ineffable, divine :  
 See the great Archangel bearing  
 High in heaven the mystic sign :  
 Cross of glory !  
 Christ, be in that moment mine !

5 Every eye shall now behold Him  
 Robed in awful majesty :  
 Those that set at naught, and sold Him,  
 Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Now the true Messiah see !

6 Lo ! the last long separation !  
 As the cleaving crowds divide ;  
 And one dread adjudication  
 Sends each soul to either side !  
 Lord of mercy !  
 How shall I that day abide !

7 O by Thine eternal merit,  
 Then avert a dreadful doom !  
 And me summon to inherit  
 An eternal blissful home :  
 Ah ! come quickly !  
 Let thy second Advent come !

8 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee  
 High on Thine eternal throne !  
 Lo ! they cast their crowns before Thee  
 And the kingdom is Thine own !  
 Men and angels  
 Kneel and bow to Thee alone !

## HYMN

## 62.

## III. 1.

**I**N the sun, and moon, and stars,  
 Signs and wonders there shall be ;  
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,  
 Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
 Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise :  
 Wilder storms the mountains sweep,  
 Louder thunders rock the skies.

3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,  
 Pale amazement, restless fear ;  
 And amid the thunder cloud  
 Shall the Judge of man appear.

4 But, though from His awful face,  
 Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly ;  
 Fear not ye, His chosen race,  
 Your redemption draweth nigh.

HYMN

63.

III. 1.

SEE the ransomed millions stand,  
 Palms of conquest in each hand !  
 This before the throne their strain,—  
 “ Hell is vanquish’d—death is slain !

2 “ Blessing, honour, glory, might,  
 Are the Conqueror’s native right ;  
 Thrones and powers before Him fall,  
 Lamb of God, and Lord of all ! ”

3 Hasten, Lord ! the promised hour ;  
 Come in glory and in power ;  
 Still Thy foes are unsubdued ;  
 Nature sighs to be renew’d.

4 Time has nearly reach’d its sum ;  
 All things, with the Bride, say, “ Come ! ”  
 Jesus ! whom all worlds adore,  
 Come, and reign for evermore.

## HYMN

## 64.

## II. 6.

**R**EJOICE, rejoice, believers !  
 And let your lights appear,  
 The evening is advancing,  
 The darker night is near.  
 The Bridegroom is arising ;  
 And soon will He draw nigh :  
 Up ! pray, and watch, and wrestle,  
 At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,  
 Replenish them with oil ;  
 Look now for your salvation,  
 The end of sin and toil.  
 The watchers on the mountain  
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
 Go, meet Him as He cometh,  
 With hallelujahs clear.

3 Oh ! wise and holy virgins,  
 Now raise your voices higher,  
 Till in your jubilations,  
 Ye meet the angel-choir.  
 The marriage feast is waiting,  
 The gates wide open stand ;  
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory,  
 The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,  
 O Jesus, now appear ;  
 Arise, Thou Sun so looked for,  
 O'er this benighted sphere !  
 With hearts and hands uplifted,  
 We plead, O Lord, to see  
 The day of our redemption,  
 And ever be with Thee !

## CHRISTMAS.

HYMN

65.

III. 5.

**A**NGELS, from the realms of glory  
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth,  
 Ye who sang creation's story,  
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
 God with man is now residing,  
 Yonder shines the infant-light ;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
 Brighter visions beam afar,  
 Seek the great Desire of nations ;  
 Ye have seen his natal star ;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
 Watching long in hope and fear,  
 Suddenly, the Lord descending,  
 In his temple shall appear ;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,  
 Justice now revokes the sentence,  
 Mercy calls you, break your chains;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ the new-born King.

HYMN

66.

P. M.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy  
 morn

Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born :  
 Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
 With hosts of angels chanting from above ;  
 By whom the gladsome honours first were done  
 To God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
 And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang :  
 God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
 Peace upon earth, and unto men goodwill ;  
 This day hath God fulfill'd His promis'd word,  
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

3 O let us keep and ponder in our mind  
 God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind :  
 Follow the Babe, who hath retriev'd our loss,  
 From the poor manger to the bitter cross !  
 Saved by His grace, unceasing may we sing,  
 Eternal praise to God our heavenly King.

HYMN

67.

P. M.

COME, hither ! ye faithful,  
 Triumphantly sing !  
 Come, see in the manger  
 The angels' dread King !

To Bethlehem hasten,  
With joyful accord !  
Oh, come ye, come hither  
To worship the Lord !

2 True Son of the Father,  
He comes from the skies ;  
To be born of a Virgin  
He doth not despise.  
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

3 Hark, hark to the angels !  
All singing in Heaven,  
"To God in the highest  
All glory be given !"  
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus,  
This day of Thy birth,  
Be glory and honour  
Through heaven and earth ;  
True Godhead Incarnate !  
Omnipotent Word !  
Oh, come ! let us hasten  
To worship the Lord !

HYMN

68.

C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay ;  
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine  
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In Heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran  
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo roll'd ;  
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,  
'Twas more than Heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky,  
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;  
And angels flew, with ecstasy,  
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song ;  
Good-will and peace are heard throughout  
Th' harmonious angel throng.

6 Hail, Prince of life ! forever hail,  
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !  
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.

## HYMN

## 69.

## III. 1.

**S**WEETER sounds than music knows  
Charm me in Immanuel's name ;  
All her hopes my spirit owes  
To His birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When He came, the angels sung,  
" Glory be to God on high ; "  
Lord, unloose my faltering tongue,  
Who should louder sing than I ?

3 Did the Lord a man become,  
 That he might the law fulfil ;  
 Bleed and suffer in my room ?  
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?

4 No, I must my praises bring,  
 Though they worthless are, and weak ;  
 For should I refuse to sing,  
 Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,  
 Shepherd, Brother, Master, Friend,  
 Ev'ry precious name in one ;  
 I will love Thee without end.

## HYMN

## 70.

## III. 1.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,  
 For to us a child is born ;  
 From the highest realms of Heaven,  
 Unto us a Son is given.

2 On His shoulder He shall bear  
 Power and majesty, and wear  
 On His vesture and His thigh,  
 Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel He,  
 Christ, th' incarnate Deity ;  
 Sire of ages ne'er to cease ;  
 King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at His feet ;  
 Yield to Him the homage meet ;  
 From the manger to the throne,  
 Homage due to God alone.

## HYMN

## 71.

## III. 3.

**H**ARK ! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?  
Lo ! th' angelic host rejoices ;  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Cherubs tell the wondrous story,  
Joyous seraphim reply,  
“ Glory in the highest, glory !  
Glory be to God most high !

3 Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found ;  
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven !  
Loud our grateful harps shall sound

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed ;  
Heaven and earth His praises sing !  
O receive whom God appointed,  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King !

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him ;  
Learn His name to magnify,  
Till in Heaven ye sing before Him  
“ Glory be to God most High !”

## HYMN

## 72.

## L. M.

**M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all,  
My praise shall climb to His abode ;  
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,  
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,  
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;  
 Eternal ages saw Him shine,  
 He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,  
 Almighty Ruler of the sky,  
 As when the six days' work He made  
 Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,  
 Salvation is His dearest claim  
 That gracious sound well pleas'd He hears,  
 And owns Immanuel for His name.

HYMN

73.

C. M.

The Presentation of Christ in the Temple.

L ORD, at Thy temple we appear,  
 L As happy Simeon came,  
 And hope to meet our Saviour here ;  
 O make our joys the same !

2 With what divine and vast delight  
 The good old man was fill'd,  
 When, fondly in his wither'd arms,  
 He clasp'd the holy Child !

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried ;  
 "Behold thy servant dies ;  
 I've seen Thy great salvation, Lord,  
 And close my peaceful eyes :

4 "This is the light prepar'd to shine  
 Upon the Gentile lands,  
 Thine Israel's glory and their hope,  
 To break their slavish bands."

5 Jesus! the vision of thy face,  
 Hath overpowering charms!  
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
 If Thou be in my arms.

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## THE END OF THE YEAR.

HYMN

74.

C. M.

BLESS God that towards eternity  
 Another step is won!  
 Oh, longing turns Thy Church to Thee,  
 For time flows slowly on.

2 Oh, that we soon might Thee behold!  
 We count the moments o'er;  
 Oh, come, ere yet the heart grow cold,  
 And cannot call Thee more!

3 Come, is the pleading of Thy Bride,  
 She loudly prays Thee come!  
 With faithful heart she long has cried,  
 Come quickly, Master, come!

4 The past we lived in love divine  
 No power can take away;  
 And that the future shall be Thine,  
 Thy promise is our stay.

## HYMN

## 75.

## C. M.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head  
 Is equal warning given ;  
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
 Above us is the heaven !

2 Death rides on every passing breeze  
 And lurks in every flower ;  
 Each season has its own disease,  
 Its peril every hour !

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light  
 Of youth's soft cheek decay ;  
 And fate descend in sudden night  
 On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age  
 Halt feebly to the tomb ;  
 And yet shall earth our hearts engage,  
 And dreams of days to come ?

5 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know ;  
 Where'er thy foot can tread,  
 The earth rings hollow from below,  
 And warns thee of her dead !

6 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy soul apply  
 To truths divinely given :  
 The dead, who underneath thee lie,  
 Shall live for hell or heaven !

## HYMN

## 76.

## C. M.

O GOD ! our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home ;

2 Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting Thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight  
 Are like an evening gone,  
 Short as the watch that ends the night  
 Before the rising sun.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away ;  
 They pass, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

5 Like flowery fields the nations stand  
 Pleased with the morning light ;  
 The flowers beneath the mower's hand  
 Lie withering ere 'tis night.

6 O God ! our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be thou our guide while life shall last,  
 And our eternal home.

## THE NEW YEAR.

HYMN

77.

L. M.

Festival of the Circumcision.

O HAPPY day, when first was pour'd  
 The blood of our Redeemer Lord !  
 O happy day, when first began  
 His suff'rings borne for sinful man !

2 Just enter'd on this world of woe,  
 His blood already learn'd to flow :  
 His future death was thus express'd,  
 And thus His early love confess'd.

3 From Heaven descending to fulfil  
 The mandates of His Father's will,  
 E'en now behold the Victim lie,  
 The Lamb of God, prepar'd to die.

4 Beneath the knife behold the Child,  
 The Innocent, the Undefil'd :  
 For captives He the ransom pays,  
 For lawless man the law obeys.

5 Lord, purify our hearts, we pray ;  
 Our fleshly natures purge away ;  
 Thy Name, Thy likeness, may they bear !  
 Yea, stamp Thy holy image there.

## HYMN

## 78.

## III. 1.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
 Hasted through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here :  
 Fix'd in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below :  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies  
 Speedily the mark to find ;  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind,  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live  
 With eternity in view :  
 Bless thy word to young and old ;  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
 May we reign with thee above.

## HYMN

## 79.

## P. M.

COME, let us anew  
 Our journey pursue,  
 Roll round with the year,  
 And never stand still till the Master appear ;

His adorable will  
 Let us gladly fulfil  
 And our talents improve  
 By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream ;  
 Our time, as a stream,  
 Glides swiftly away,

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :  
 The arrow is flown,  
 The moment is gone,  
 The millennial year

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 Oh ! that each in the day  
 Of His coming, may say,  
 " I have fought my way through,

I have finished the work Thou didst give me  
 to do ! "

Oh ! that each from his Lord  
 May receive the glad word,  
 " Well and faithfully done ;

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne ! "

## EPIPHANY.

HYMN

80.

P. M.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
 morning !

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining ;  
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall :  
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure ;  
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

HYMN

81.

C. M.

WE come not with a costly store,  
 O Lord, like them of old,  
 The masters of the starry lore,  
 From Ophir's shore of gold ;  
 No weepings of the incense tree  
 Are with the gifts we bring ;  
 No odorous myrrh of Araby  
 Blends with our offering.

2 But faith and love may bring their best,  
 A spirit keenly tried  
 By fierce affliction's fiery test,  
 And seven times purified ;

The fragrant graces of the mind,  
 The virtues that delight  
 To give their perfume out, will find  
 Acceptance in thy sight.

## HYMN

## 82.

## III. 5.

ON the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo ! the sacred herald stands,  
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
 Zion long in hostile lands.

Mourning captive,  
 God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?  
 Cease thy mourning ;  
 Zion still is well belov'd.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;  
 He Himself appears thy Friend ;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end ;  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King will surely send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble ;  
 All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;  
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
 In thy Maker's favor blest :  
 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

## HYMN

## 83.

## C. M.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come !  
 Let earth receive her King ;  
 Let every heart prepare Him room,  
 And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,  
 Let men their songs employ ;  
 While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and  
 plains  
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
 He comes to make His blessings flow  
 Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of His righteousness,  
 And wonders of His love.

## HYMN

## 84.

## III. 1.

HARK ! the song of jubilee ;  
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
 Or the fulness of the sea,  
 When it breaks upon the shore :  
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord  
 God omnipotent shall reign ;  
 Hallelujah ! let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,  
 From the centre to the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All creation's harmonies :  
 See Jehovah's banners furl'd ;  
 Sheath'd his sword : He speaks, 'tis done,  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
 With illimitable sway ;  
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
 Yonder heavens have passed away :  
 Then the end ; beneath His rod,  
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;  
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ, is all in all.

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### L E N T .

HYMN	85.	C. M.
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O SAVIOUR, leave us not alone  
 To wrestle with our sin,  
 But aid us in these holy hours  
 Of solemn discipline.

2 Let not the Tempter tempt us, Lord,  
 Beyond our strength to bear,  
 Though in the desert of our woe  
 He wildly prompts despair.

3 Let not our humble confidence  
 Be from Thy promise stirr'd,  
 Nor clouds of dark distrust spring up  
 Between us and Thy word.

4 Nor let us yet be lifted up  
 By him, the Prince of air,  
 To scale presumption's dizzy height,  
 And left to perish there :

5 Nor, on the Temple's pinnacle,  
 In our self-righteous pride,  
 Be set forsaken of thine aid,  
 For demons to deride.

6 And oh ! when pleasure, power, and pomp  
 Around our vision swim,  
 And through the soft enchanting mist  
 He bids us worship Him ;

7 Assist us from the reeling sense  
 The serpent's spell to break,  
 And tread the arch-apostate down,  
 Redeemer, for Thy sake.

HYMN

86.

III. 1.

HOLY Jesus, Saviour blest,  
 When by passion strong possest,  
 Through this world of sin we stray,  
 Thou to guide us art the Way.

2 Holy Jesus, when with night,  
 Error blinds our clouded sight,  
 Lest to idol gods we bow,  
 Saviour, then the Truth art Thou.

3 Holy Jesus, when our pow'r  
 Fails us in temptation's hour,  
 All unequal to the strife,  
 Thou to aid us art the Life.

4 Who would reach the heav'nly home,  
 Who would to the Father come,  
 Who the Father's presence see,  
 Jesus, he must come by Thee.

5 Channel of the Father's grace,  
 Image of the Father's face,  
 Saviour bless'd, incarnate Son,  
 With the Father Thou art One.

HYMN

87.

L. M.

**R**ÉTURN, my roving heart ! return,  
 And chase these shadowy forms no more ;  
 Now seek in solitude, to mourn,  
 And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God ! whose piercing eye  
 Distinctly marks each deep recess ;  
 In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,  
 And with Thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,  
 My search let heavenly wisdom guide,  
 And still its radiant beams impart,  
 Till all be cleans'd and purified.

4 Oh ! with the visits of Thy love,  
 Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;  
 Till every grace shall join to prove  
 That God has fix'd His dwelling here.

## HYMN

## 88.

## C. M.

O SINNER, bring not tears alone,  
 Nor but the form of prayer,  
 But let it in thy heart be known  
 That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,  
 God asks not that of thee ;  
 Thy secret soul He bids thee bend  
 In true humility.

3 O let us, then, with heartfelt grief,  
 Draw near before our God,  
 And pray to Him to grant relief,  
 And stay the lifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign  
 To grant us what we need,  
 We pray for time to turn again,  
 And grace to turn indeed.

## HYMN

## 89.

## III. 3.

Lord, whose love in pow'r excelling,  
 Wash'd the leper's stain away ;  
 Jesus, from Thy heav'nly dwelling,  
 Hear us, help us when we pray.

2 From the filth of vice and folly,  
 From infuriate passion's rage,  
 Evil thoughts and hopes unholy,  
 Heedless youth and selfish age ;  
 8 \*

3 From the lusts whose deep pollutions  
 Adam's ancient taint disclose ;  
 From the tempter's dark intrusions,  
 Restless doubt and blind repose ;

4 From the miser's cursed treasure,  
 From the drunkard's mirth obscene ;  
 From the world, its pomp and pleasure,  
 Jesus, Master, make us clean.

## HYMN

## 90.

## L. M.

A H ! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,  
 A That can from Jesus thus depart ;  
 Thus, fond of trifles vainly rove,  
 Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,  
 And chide each vanity away ;  
 In vain, alas ! resolve to bind  
 This rebel heart, this wand'ring mind.

3 Through all resolves, how soon it flies,  
 And mocks the weak, the slender ties ;  
 There's nought beneath a power divine,  
 That can this roving heart confine.

4 Jesus, to Thee I would return,  
 And at Thy feet repenting mourn ;  
 There let me view Thy pard'ning love,  
 And never from Thy sight remove.

5 O, let Thy love, with sweet control,  
 Bind all the passions of my soul :  
 Bid every vanity depart,  
 And dwell forever in my heart.

## HYMN

## 91.

## III. 1.

**L**ORD, we listen to Thy call,  
 Low before Thy throne to fall,  
 And with humble prayer, and fast,  
 Mourn the evil of the past.

2 Thou, whose power can melt the stone,  
 Bid the harden'd bosom groan,  
 Ere the near approaching day,  
 When too late for grace to pray.

3 Lord, assist the souls that fain  
 Now would break sin's fatal chain ;  
 Oft have we renew'd our fall,  
 But Thou, Lord, hast died for all.

4 Though through suffering be the road,  
 Bring us to Thy blest abode,  
 Where, in heaven's eternal day,  
 Thou shalt wipe all tears away.

5 Lord, Thy blessing we implore ;  
 Save us now and evermore ;  
 Hear, O Father ! hear, O Son !  
 Hear, O Spirit ! Three in One.

## HYMN

## 92.

## C. M.

**L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,  
 And our confessions pour,  
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
 And shun what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,  
 True penitence impart,  
 And let a healing ray from Thee  
 Shed hope on ev'ry heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
 May we our wills resign ;  
 And not a wish our bosoms share,  
 Which is not wholly Thine.

4 In meek submission to Thy will  
 Let ev'ry prayer arise ;  
 And teach us, Lord, 'tis goodness still  
 That grants it, or denies.

## HYMN

## 93.

## P. M.

JESUS, let Thy pitying eye  
 Win back a wandering sheep ;  
 Prone, like Peter, to deny,  
 I would like Peter weep.  
 Let me be by grace restor'd ;  
 On me be all long-suffering shown ;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, through Thy dying love,  
 The humble, contrite heart :  
 Give what I have long implor'd,  
 A portion of Thy grief unknown ;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

3 For Thine own compassion's sake  
 The gracious wonder show ;  
 Cast my sins behind Thy back,  
 And wash me white as snow :  
 Let Thy pity help afford,  
 And while I do myself bemoan,  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

HYMN

94.

C. M.

O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need  
 Thy heavenly succour give ;  
 Help us in thought, and word and deed,  
 Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed  
 With contrite anguish sore ;  
 And when our hearts are cold indeed,  
 O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the pray'r of faith,  
 More firmly to believe,  
 For still the more the servant hath,  
 The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Saviour, from on high,  
 We know no help but Thee ;  
 O help us so to live and die,  
 As Thine in heaven to be.

## HYMN

## 95.

## III. 5.

JESUS, Lord, we kneel before Thee,  
 Bend from Heaven Thy gracious ear,  
 While our waiting souls adore Thee,  
 Friend of helpless sinners hear !

By thy mercy,  
 Oh deliver us, good Lord !

2 Taught by thine unerring spirit,  
 Boldly we draw nigh to GOD,  
 Only in thy spotless merit,  
 Only through Thy precious Blood :  
 By thy mercy,  
 Oh deliver us, good Lord !

3 From the depths of nature's blindness,  
 From the hardening power of sin,  
 From all malice and unkindness,  
 From the pride that lurks within,  
 By thy mercy,  
 Oh deliver us, good Lord !

4 When temptation sorely presses,  
 In the day of Satan's power,  
 In our times of deep distresses,  
 In each dark and trying hour,  
 By thy mercy,  
 Oh deliver us, good Lord !

5 In the weary night of sickness,  
 In the throes of grief and pain,  
 When we feel our mortal weakness,  
 When the creature's help is vain,  
 By thy mercy,  
 Oh deliver us, good Lord !

6 In the solemn hour of dying,  
     In the awful judgment day,  
 May our souls on Thee relying  
     Find Thee still our Hope and Stay !  
         By thy mercy,  
 Oh deliver us, good Lord !

7 Jesus, may Thy promised blessing  
     Comfort to our souls afford ;  
 May we now Thy love possessing  
     Find at last the great reward ;  
         By Thy mercy  
 Oh deliver us, good Lord !

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## PASSION WEEK AND GOOD-FRIDAY.

HYMN                    96.                    L. M.

RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !  
 The tribes of earth Hosanna cry !  
 Thine humble beast pursues his road,  
 With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd !

2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
 In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
 O Christ ! Thy triumphs now begin  
 O'er captive Death and conquer'd Sin !

3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh !  
 The angels look with wondering eyes  
 To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
 In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
 Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain !  
 Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

## HYMN

## 97.

## S. M.

WHY doth my Saviour weep  
 At sight of Sion's bowers ?  
 Shows it not fair from yonder steep,  
 Her gorgeous crown of towers ?  
 Mark well His holy pains :  
 'Tis not in pride or scorn  
 That Israel's King with sorrow stains  
 His own triumphal morn.

2 "If thou hadst known, e'en thou,  
 At least in this thy day  
 The message of thy peace ! — but now  
 Forever pass'd away !  
 Now foes shall trench thee round,  
 And lay thee low with earth,  
 And dash thy children to the ground,  
 Thy glory and thy mirth."

3 And doth the Saviour weep  
 Over His people's sin,  
 Because we will not let Him keep  
 The souls He died to win ?  
 Ye hearts, that love the Lord,  
 If, at this sight ye burn,  
 See that in thought, in deed, in word,  
 Ye hate what made Him mourn.

## HYMN

98.

III. 3.

2 Angels see with sad amazement,  
Their Creator suffer thus ;  
Oh, be ours deep heart-abasement ;  
Lord, we know 'twas done for us.

3 Now into that garden lead us,  
There to see Thy bloody sweat,  
Tho' Thou from the curse hast freed us,  
We the cost may ne'er forget.

4 Be Thine agonies rehearsed  
By the Spirit in our ears,  
Till beholding whom we pierced,  
Melt our hearts in grateful tears.

5 On the cross Thy body broken  
Cancell'd every legal charge ;  
Pleading this availing token,  
Guilty souls are set at large.

6 Lord, we fain would trust Thee solely,  
'Twas for us Thy blood was spilt ;  
Suffering Saviour, take us wholly,  
Take and make us what Thou wilt.

HYMN

99.

P. M.

**B**EHOLD the Lamb !  
 O Thou for sinners slain,  
 Let it not be in vain  
 That Thou hast died ;  
 Thee for my Saviour let me take,  
 Thee, Thee alone my refuge make,  
 Thy pierced side.

2 Behold the Lamb !  
 Archangels—fold your wings ;  
 Seraphs—hush all the strings  
 Of million lyres :  
 The Victim, veil'd on earth, in love  
 Unveil'd — enthroned — adored above,  
 All heaven admires !

3 Behold the Lamb !  
 All hail, Eternal Word !  
 Thou universal Lord,  
 Purge out our leaven :  
 Clothe us with godliness and good,  
 Feed us with Thy celestial food,  
 Manna from heaven !

4 Behold the Lamb !  
 Saints, who, in blissful rest  
 Wait to be fully blest ;  
 Oh ! Lord — how long !  
 Thou church on earth, o'erwhelmed with fears,  
 Still in this vale of woe and tears,  
 Swell the full song.

5 Behold the Lamb !  
 Worthy is He alone,  
 To sit upon the throne  
 Of God above !  
 One with the Ancient of all days,  
 One with the Paraclete in praise,  
 All Light—all Love !

## HYMN            100.            II. 1.

O LAMB of God, for sinners slain,  
 I plead with Thee ; my suit to gain,  
 I plead what Thou hast done :  
 Didst Thou not die the death for me ?  
 Jesus, remember Calvary,  
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Receive the purchase of Thy blood,  
 My Friend and Advocate with God,  
 My Ransom and my Peace :  
 My Surety ! Thou my debt hast paid,  
 For all my sins atonement made,  
 The Lord my Righteousness.

3 O let Thy Spirit shed abroad  
 The love of my redeeming God,  
 In this cold heart of mine :  
 O might He now descend, and rest  
 Forever in this troubled breast,  
 And keep me ever Thine.

## HYMN            101.            P. M.

FLOW, my contrite tears, flow faster,  
 Thus my guilt and sin bemoan ;  
 Mourn my heart in deeper anguish,  
 Over sorrows not thine own !

See a spotless Lamb draw nigh  
 To Jerusalem to die  
 For thy sins, the sinless One !  
 Think ! ah ! think what thou hast done !

2 See Him stand while cruel fitters  
 Bind the hands that framed the world,  
 While around Him bitter mocking,  
 Laughter and contempt are hurled.  
 Heathen rage and Jewish scorn,  
 Meekly for our sins are borne.  
 Sin has brought Him from above :  
 Who can fathom such a love ?

3 Can we view the Saviour given  
 To the smiters' hands for us ?  
 Can we all unmoved, unhumbled,  
 See Him mocked and slighted thus ?  
 View the thorny chaplet red,  
 On His meek and bleeding head,  
 Hear the loud and angry din,  
 And not tremble for our sin ?

4 Must I, Jesus, thus behold Thee  
 In Thy toil and sorrow here ?  
 Can I nothing better yield Thee  
 Than my unavailing tear ?  
 Lamb of God ! I weep for Thee,  
 Weep, Thy cruel cross to see,  
 Weep, for death that Death destroys !  
 Weep, for grief that brings me joys !

5 Poor is all that I can offer —  
 Soul and body while I live ;  
 Take it, O my Saviour, take it —  
 I have nothing more to give.

Come, and in this heart remain ;  
 Let each enemy be slain ;  
 Let me live and die with Thee ;  
 To Thy kingdom welcome me.

HYMN 102. C. M.

**F**ORTH flames the standard of our King,  
 Bright gleams the mystic sign,  
 When life bore death of suffering,  
 And death wrought life divine.

- 2 The stabs of the accursed spear,  
     Brought forth the healing flood,  
     To cleanse sin's stains so dark and drear,  
     With water and with blood.
- 3 Fulfilled is each prophetic word,  
     Each faith-inspiring strain,  
     Telling the nations of that Lord,  
     Who by the Cross should reign.
- 4 Hail, Cross of Christ ! man's only hope ;  
     While now we gaze and pray,  
     Dear Lord, th' exhaustless fountains ope,  
     And wash our sins away.

HYMN 103. III. 2.

**G**O to dark Gethsemane,  
 Ye that feel the tempter's power,  
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
 Watch with Him one bitter hour ;  
 Turn not from his griefs away,  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment hall ;  
 View the Lord of life arraign'd ;  
 O the wormwood and the gall ;  
 O the pangs His soul sustain'd !  
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;  
 There, adoring at His feet,  
 Mark the miracle of time,  
 God's own sacrifice complete ;  
 "It is finished"—hear Him cry ;  
 Learn in Christ to live and die.

## HYMN                    104.                    P. M.

HIS trial o'er, and now beneath  
 His own cross meekly bending,  
 Jesus, the fatal hill of death  
 Is wearily ascending.

2 And now, His hands and feet pierc'd through,  
 Upon the cross they raise Him,  
 Where even now, in distant view,  
 The eye of faith surveys Him.

3 O, wondrous love, which God most High,  
 Tow'rds man was pleas'd to cherish !  
 His sinless Son He gave to die,  
 That sinners might not perish.

4 Our sins' pollution to remove  
 His blood was ask'd and given :  
 So mighty was the Saviour's love,  
 So vast the price of Heaven.

5 Yes ! 'tis the cross that breaks the rod,  
 And chain of condemnation,  
 And makes a league 'twixt man and God,  
 For our complete salvation.

6 O ! praise the Father, praise the Son,  
 The Lamb for sinners given,  
 And Holy Ghost, thro' whom alone  
 Our hearts are rais'd to Heaven.

## HYMN

## 105.

## II. 6.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,  
 With grief and shame weigh'd down ;  
 Now scornfully surrounded  
 With thorns, Thine only crown :  
 O Sacred Head, what glory,  
 What bliss till now was Thine ;  
 Yet though despis'd and gory,  
 I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd,  
 Was all for sinners' gain :  
 Mine, mine was the transgression,  
 But Thine the deadly pain.  
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour !  
 'Tis I deserve Thy place ;  
 Look on me with Thy favour,  
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken  
 Above all joys beside,  
 When, in Thy Body broken,  
 I thus with safety hide.

Lord of my life, desiring  
 Thy glory now to see ;  
 Beside Thy cross expiring  
 I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow  
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end ?  
 O make me Thine for ever ;  
 And should I fainting be,  
 Lord, let me never, never  
 Outlive my love for Thee.

5 Be near me when I'm dying,  
 O, show Thy cross to me ;  
 And to my succour flying,  
 Come, Lord, and set me free !  
 When strength and comfort languish  
 Amidst the final throes,  
 Release me from my anguish  
 By Thine own pain and woe.

HYMN

106.

C. M.

O HALLOWED Head ! compell'd to bow  
 Beneath unnumber'd scorns,  
 O, dear, dishonor'd, glorious brow  
 Now rent by cruel thorns ;  
 Eyes where the light of Heaven did reign  
 Can ye grow glaz'd and dim ?  
 O death — by Him for others slain —  
 Can'st thou have power o'er Him ?

2 Love's mystery o'er the scene doth hang,  
 Love must unfold it still,  
 Who could inflict on Him a pang,  
 Without His own blest will ?  
 He, whom the slumbering dead have heard,  
 Whose voice the winds could tame,  
 Could crush His murderers with a word,  
 If such had been his aim.

3 Yea, Lord of lords and King of kings,  
 Life, light, and joy to me ;  
 My soul thro' doubt and darkness clings,  
 With trembling faith to Thee.  
 Lo, Death and Hell with all their host  
 Quail now before their Lord,  
 And more than was in Adam lost,  
 I see in Christ restor'd.

HYMN

107.

C. M.

A LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
 A And did my Sovereign die ?  
 Did He devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
 He groan'd upon the tree ?  
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
 And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,  
 For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide in shame my face,  
 While his dear cross appears,  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe:  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
 'Tis all that I can do.

## HYMN

## 108.

## III. 3.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend;  
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 With my tears His feet I'll bathe;  
 Constant still in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death.

3 Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
 Mercy streaming in His blood;  
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,  
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;  
 Here I see my sins forgiven,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,  
 Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,  
 Till I taste Thy whole salvation,  
 And unveil'd Thy glories see.

## HYMN

## 109.

## III. 2.

**H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent,  
Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd ;  
See his body mangled, rent,  
Covered with His flowing blood ;  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?  
Crucified th' incarnate Son !

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,  
Driven the nails that fix'd Him here ;  
Crown'd with thorns His sacred head,  
Piere'd Him with the soldier's spear :  
Made his soul a sacrifice,  
For a sinful world He dies.

3 Will you let him die in vain,  
Nor receive the proffer'd good ;  
Crucify the Lord again,  
Trample on his precious blood ?  
No, with all my sins I'll part ;  
Saviour, take my broken heart.

## HYMN

## 110.

## P. M.

**B**OUND upon th' accursed tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is He ?  
By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood and writhing limb,  
By the flesh with scourges torn,  
By the crown of twisted thorn,  
By the side so deeply pierc'd,  
By the baffled, burning thirst,  
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,  
Son of man, 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

2 Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
 Dread and woful, who is He ?  
 By the sun at noonday pale,  
 Shivering rocks and rending veil,  
 By the earth enwrapt in gloom,  
 By the saints who burst their tomb,  
 By the promise ere He died,  
 To the felon at His side ;  
 Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow !  
 Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
 Faint and dying, who is He ?  
 By the last and bitter cry,  
 Of the dying agony ;  
 By the lifeless body laid  
 In the chambers of the dead ;  
 By the mourners bowed to weep,  
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;  
 Crucified, we know Thee now,  
 Son of man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

4 Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
 Dread and awful, who is He ?  
 By the prayer for them that slew,  
 "Lord ! they know not what they do !"  
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,  
 By the souls he died to save,  
 By the conquest He hath won,  
 By the saints before His throne,  
 By the rainbow round His brow,  
 Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

## HYMN

## III.

## III. 3.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus,  
 Hail, thou Galilean King ;  
 Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
 Thou didst free salvation bring !  
 Hail, once agonizing Saviour,  
 Thou didst bear our sin and shame :  
 Through Thy merit find we favour ;  
 Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on Thee were laid ;  
 By almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made.  
 All thy people are forgiven,  
 Through the virtue of Thy blood ;  
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,  
 Man is reconcil'd to God.

3 Jesus, low we bow before Thee,  
 Mediator glorified !  
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at the Father's side :  
 There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
 There Thou dost our place prepare :  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing  
 Thou art worthy to receive ;  
 Loudest praises, never ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

## HYMN

## 112.

## III. 2.

ONCE the angel started back,  
 When he saw the blood-stain'd door,  
 Pausing on his vengeful track,  
 And the dwelling passing o'er.  
 Once the sea from Israel fled,  
 Ere it roll'd o'er Egypt's dead.

2 Now our Passover is come,  
 Dimly shadow'd in time past,  
 And the very Paschal Lamb,  
 Christ the Lord is slain at last.  
 Then with hearts and hands made meet,  
 Our unleaven'd bread we'll eat.

3 Blessed Victim sent from Heaven,  
 Whom all angel hosts obey,  
 To whose will all earth is given,  
 At whose word hell shrinks away,  
 Thou hast conquer'd death's dread strife,  
 Thou hast brought us light and life.

## HYMN

## 113.

## III. 1.

## Easter Even.

PAIN and toil are over now ;  
 Bring the spice and bring the myrrh,  
 Fold the limb and bind the brow,  
 In the rich man's sepulchre.

2 Sin has bruised the Victor's heel ;  
 Roll the stone and guard it well,  
 Bring the Roman's boasted seal,  
 Bring his boldest sentinel.

3 Yet the morning's purple ray  
 Shall present a glorious sight,  
 Stone by earthquake roll'd away,  
 Angel guards all robed in white.

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## EASTER.

HYMN

114.

III. 2.

**H**E is risen, He is risen !  
 Tell it with a joyful voice,  
 He has burst His three days' prison,  
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice ;  
 Death is vanquish'd, man is free,  
 Christ has won the victory.

2 Tell it to the sinners, weeping  
 Over deeds in darkness done,  
 Weary fast and vigil keeping,  
 Brightly breaks their Easter sun ;  
 Christ has borne our sins away,  
 Christ has conquer'd hell to-day.

3 He is risen, He is risen !  
 He has oped the eternal gate ;  
 We are loos'd from sin's dark prison,  
 Risen to a holier state,  
 Where a brightening Easter beam  
 On our longing eye shall stream.

## HYMN

## 115.

## III. 1.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,  
 Our triumphant holiday ;  
 Who did once upon the cross  
 Suffer to redeem our loss.

Hallelujah !

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
 Unto Christ, our heav'nly King ;  
 Who endur'd the cross and grave,  
 Sinners to redeem and save.

Hallelujah !

3 But the pains which He endured  
 Our salvation have procured ;  
 Now above the sky He's King,  
 Where the angels ever sing.

Hallelujah !

4 Now be God the Father prais'd,  
 With the Son, from death uprais'd,  
 And the Spirit, ever blest ;  
 One true God, by all confess.

Hallelujah !

## HYMN

## 116.

## L. M.

THE dawn was purpling o'er the sky,  
 With alleluias rang the air ;  
 Earth held a glorious jubilee ;  
 Hell gnashed its teeth in fierce despair ;

2 When He, Whom stone, and seal, and guard  
 Had safely to the tomb consign'd,  
 Triumphant rose, and buried Death  
 Deep in the grave He left behind.

3 Calm all your grief and still your tears :  
 Hark ! — the descending angel cries,  
 The Lord is risen from the dead,  
 And Death is slain, no more to rise !

4 Oh Jesus, from the death of sin,  
 Keep us we pray ; so shalt Thou be  
 The everlasting Paschal joy  
 Of all the souls new-born in Thee !

HYMN

117.

C. M.

**B**LEST morning, whose first dawning rays  
 Beheld our rising God,  
 That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,  
 And leave His dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of the tomb  
 The dead Redeemer lay,  
 Till the revolving skies had brought  
 The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave combined their force  
 To hold our Lord, in vain ;  
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
 And burst their tyrant chain.

4 To Thy great name, almighty Lord,  
 These sacred hours we pay,  
 And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
 The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise  
 To our victorious King !  
 Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,  
 With glad hosannas ring.

## HYMN

## 118.

## III. 1.

ANGELS, roll the rock away !  
 Death, yield up the mighty prey !  
 See, the Saviour quits the tomb,  
 Glowing with immortal bloom.

Alleluia, Alleluia,  
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise  
 Your eternal song of praise ;  
 Let the earth's remotest bound  
 Echo to the blissful sound.

Alleluia, Alleluia,  
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
 Glory as of old to Thee,  
 Now and evermore shall be.

Alleluia, Alleluia,  
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

## HYMN

## 119.

## III. 1.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb,  
 Hasted at the early dawn,  
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,  
 But the Lord she lov'd had gone.  
 There awhile she lingering stood,  
 Lost in anguish and dismay,  
 Tears she wept — a bitter flood —  
 Asking where her Saviour lay.

2 Soon her sorrow all was gone,  
 When she heard His own dear voice  
 Call her, "Mary."—Oh ! that tone,  
 How it bade her heart rejoice !  
 Such a change His word can make,  
 Turning darkness into day.  
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,  
 He will wipe your tears away.

HYMN

120.

III. 5.

COME, ye saints, draw nigh and wonder,  
 See the place where Jesus lay !  
 He has burst his bands asunder,  
 He has borne our sins away ;  
 Joyful tidings !  
 Yes, the Lord is ris'n to-day !

2 Jesus triumphs ; sing ye praises !  
 By His death He overcame ;  
 Thus the Lord His glory raises ;  
 Thus He fills His foes with shame ;  
 Sing ye praises !  
 Praises to the victor's name !

3 Jesus triumphs : countless legions  
 Come from Heaven to meet their King ;  
 Soon in yonder blessed regions  
 We shall join His praise to sing ;  
 Songs eternal  
 Shall thro' Heaven's high arches ring.

HYMN

121.

L. M.

WHEN I the holy grave survey,  
 Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie,  
 I see fulfill'd what prophets say,  
 And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim  
 How weak the bands of conquer'd death ;  
 Sweet pledge that all who love His name  
 Shall rise and draw immortal breath.

3 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,  
 Unseals His eyes to sleep no more ;  
 And ever lives their cause to plead  
 For whom the pains of death He bore.

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul ! behold ;  
 See the rich diadem He wears !  
 Thou too shalt wear a crown of gold,  
 A crown of joy, when He appears.

5 Though in the dust I lay my head,  
 Yet, gracious God ! Thou wilt not leave  
 My flesh forever with the dead,  
 Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

HYMN

122.

S. M.

“THE Lord is risen indeed ;”  
 The grave hath lost its prey ;  
 With him shall rise the ransom'd seed,  
 To reign in endless day.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed ;"  
 He lives, to die no more ;  
 He lives His people's cause to plead,  
 Whose curse and shame He bore.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed ;"  
 Attending angels, hear ;  
 Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,  
 The joyous tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,  
 And strike each living chord :  
 Join all the bright, celestial choirs,  
 To sing our risen Lord.

HYMN

123.

P. M.

**L**IFT your glad voices in triumph on high,  
**L** For Jesus hath risen, that man may not die.  
 Vain were the terrors that gather'd around Him,  
 And short the dominion of death and the  
 grave ;  
 He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound  
 Him,  
 Resplendent in glory to live and to save.  
 Loud was the chorus of angels on high —  
 "The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not  
 die."

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy :  
 The being He gave us, death cannot destroy ;  
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,  
 If tears were our birthright, and death were  
 our end ;

But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sorrow,

And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.  
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,  
Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

HYMN

124.

L. M.

**N**OW at the Lamb's high royal feast  
In robes of saintly white we sing,  
Through the Red Sea in safety brought  
By Jesus, our immortal King.

2 O depth of love ! for us He drinks  
The chalice of His agony ;  
For us, a Victim on the Cross,  
He meekly lays Him down to die.

3 And as th' avenging Angel pass'd  
Of old the blood-besprinkled door ;  
As the cleft sea a passage gave,  
Then clos'd to whelm th' Egyptians o'er ;

4 So Christ, our Paschal Sacrifice,  
Has brought us safe all perils through,  
While for unleaven'd bread, we need  
But heart sincere and purpose true.

5 Hail, purest Victim Heav'n could find,  
The powers of Hell to overthrow !  
Who didst the chains of Death destroy,  
Who dost the prize of Life bestow.

6 Hail, victor Christ ! hail, risen King !  
 To Thee alone belongs the crown ;  
 Who hast the heavenly gates unbarr'd,  
 And dragg'd the Prince of darkness down.

7 O Jesus ! from the death of sin  
 Keep us, we pray ; so shalt Thou be  
 The everlasting Paschal joy  
 Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

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## ASCENSION.

HYMN

125.

C. M.

**H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,  
 Who cloth'd himself in clay ;  
 Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
 And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
 Since our Immanuel rose ;  
 He took the tyrant's sting away,  
 And conquer'd all our foes.

• 3 See, how the Conqueror mounts aloft,  
 And to His Father flies !  
 With scars of honour in His flesh,  
 And triumph in His eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
 And scatters blessings down  
 From the right hand of Majesty,  
 On the celestial throne.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
 To reach this bless'd abode ;  
 Sweet be the accents of your songs  
 To our incarnate God.

HYMN

126.

C. M.

THE Saviour stood on Olivet ;  
 His earthly task was o'er ;  
 And wherefore should He linger yet  
 On this world's dreary shore ?  
 He rais'd on high His hands divine ;  
 He bless'd His faithful train ;  
 Oh ! when shall Adam's guilty line  
 Such blessings hear again ?

2 Then slowly tow'rds th' expecting sky,  
 The sky's Creator rose ;  
 Angelic watchers, ranged on high,  
 Bade Heaven's bright gates unclose.  
 And in He came, the Lord of might,  
 Eternal and Supreme ;  
 Whose presence e'en those realms of light  
 Illum'd with brighter beam.

3 O Thou, who thus exalted art,  
 On whom our souls rely,  
 Grant to us now, in mind and heart,  
 To dwell with Thee on high !  
 And when at length, redeem'd by Thee,  
 The just that sleep shall rise ;  
 With theirs our happy portion be,  
 A home beyond the skies.

## HYMN

## 127.

## P. M.

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,  
 The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously,  
 In pow'r and might excelling ;  
 Hell and the Grave are captive led,  
 Lo ! He returns, our glorious Head,  
 To His eternal dwelling !

2 The heav'ns with joy receive their Lord,  
 By saints, by angel hosts adored ;  
 O day of exultation !  
 O earth ! adore Thy glorious King,  
 His rising, His ascension sing,  
 With grateful adoration.

3 Our great High-Priest hath gone before,  
 Thence on His Church His grace to pour,  
 And bring us to salvation ;  
 O may our hearts to Him ascend  
 May all within us upward tend  
 With joyful expectation !

4 By saints on earth and saints in heav'n,  
 All praise to Christ our King be giv'n,  
 Who hath to heav'n ascended ;  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God of heaven's resplendent host,  
 Whose reign shall ne'er be ended.

## HYMN

## 128.

## III. 1.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,  
 Glorious, to His native skies !  
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
 Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits ;  
 Lift your heads, eternal gates !  
 Christ hath vanquished death and sin ;  
 Take the King of glory in.

3 See, the heaven its Lord receives !  
 Yet He loves the world He leaves :  
 Though returning to His throne,  
 Still He calls mankind his own.

4 Still for us He intercedes,  
 His prevailing death He pleads ;  
 Near himself prepares our place,  
 Great Forerunner of our race.

5 What, though parted from our sight,  
 Far above yon starry height ;  
 Thither our affections rise,  
 Following Him beyond the skies.

## HYMN

## 129.

## III. 5.

I  
 OOK, ye saints ; the sight is glorious ;  
 See the man of sorrows now ;  
 From the fight returned victorious,  
 Every knee to Him shall bow ;  
 Crown Him ;  
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him ;  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;  
 On the seat of power enthrone Him,  
 While the heavenly concert rings :  
 Crown Him ;  
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him,  
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;  
 Saints and angels bend around Him,  
 Own His title, praise His name :  
 Crown Him ;  
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame !

4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !  
 Hark ! those loud, triumphant chords !  
 Lamb of God, our strong salvation,  
 O, what joy the sight affords !  
 Crown Him ;  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

## HYMN

## 130.

## II. 4.

**T**H' atoning work is done,  
 The Victim's blood is shed,  
 And Jesus now is gone  
 His people's cause to plead ;  
 He stands in Heaven their great High Priest,  
 And bears their names upon His breast.

2 He sprinkles with His blood  
 The mercy-seat above ;  
 For justice had withheld  
 The purposes of love ;  
 But justice now withstands no more,  
 And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands,  
 His place of service is ;  
 In heaven itself He stands,  
 A Heavenly Priesthood His.  
 In Him the shadows of the law  
 Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

4 And though awhile He be  
 Hid from the eyes of men,  
 His people look to see  
 Their great High Priest again ;  
 In brightest glory He will come,  
 And take His waiting people home.

HYMN

131.

S. M.

**B**EYOND the starry skies,  
 Far as th' eternal hills,  
 There in the boundless world of light,  
 Our great Redeemer dwells.

2 Around Him angels fair,  
 In countless armies shine ;  
 And ever, in exalted lays,  
 They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, Prince of life !" they cry,  
 "Whose unexampled love,  
 Mov'd Thee to quit those glorious realms  
 And royalties above."

4 And when He stoop'd to earth,  
 And suffered rude disdain,  
 They cast their honors at His feet,  
 And waited in His train.

5 They saw Him on the cross,  
 While darkness veil'd the skies,  
 And when He burst the gates of death,  
 They saw the Conqueror rise.

6 They throng'd His chariot wheels,  
 And bore Him to His throne ;  
 Then swept their golden harps and sang,  
 "The glorious work is done."

HYMN

132.

C. M.

**B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb  
 Amid His Father's throne ;  
 Prepare new honors for His name,  
 And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at His feet,  
 The church adore around,  
 With vials full of odours sweet,  
 And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
 Be endless honour paid ;  
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
 Forever on His head.

4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
 Hast set the prisoner free,  
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
 And we shall reign with Thee.

5 The worlds of nature and of grace  
 Are put beneath Thy power ;  
 Then hasten time's delaying pace,  
 And bring the promis'd hour.

## HYMN

## 133.

## III. 1.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord !  
 Live, by heaven and earth ador'd !  
 Fill'd with Thee let all things cry,  
 Glory be to God most high.

2 Join'd with those beyond the sky,  
 Chanters to the Lord most high,  
 We our hearts and voices raise,  
 Echoing Thine eternal praise.

3 Happy they who never rest,  
 With Thy heavenly presence blest ?  
 They the heights of glory see,  
 Search the depths of Deity.

4 Fain with them our souls would vie ;  
 Sink as low, and mount as high ;  
 Fall, o'erwhelm'd with love, or soar ;  
 Shout, or silently adore.

## HYMN

## 134.

## L. M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
 The house of God not made with hands,  
 A great High-Priest our nature wears,  
 The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,  
 He bends to earth a brother's eye ;  
 Partaker of the human name,  
 He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 A sufferer once, He yet retains  
 A brother feeling for our pains ;  
 And still remembers, in the skies,  
 His tears, His agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,  
 The Man of sorrows had a part ;  
 With sympathy beholds our grief,  
 And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
 Let us make all our sorrows known ;  
 And supplicate His heavenly power,  
 To help us in the evil hour.

HYMN

135.

L. M.

R EDEEMER, now Thy work is done !  
 R Death owns Thy power, the prize is won !  
 And now once more we see Thee rise,  
 Returning to Thy native skies.

2 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,  
 And earth lies stretch'd beneath Thy feet ;  
 While myriads, in their bright array,  
 Attend Thee homeward on Thy way.

3 Beside the everlasting gates  
 The angel-host enraptur'd waits :  
 He comes, He comes, and God's high Throne  
 Receives at length the Holy One.

4 There, Jesu, Thou hast never ceas'd  
 To be our Friend, our great High-Priest,  
 Pleading in our behalf Thy Blood,  
 That holy, reconciling flood.

5 And thence the Church, Thy chosen Bride,  
 With Thy free Spirit's gifts supplied,  
 Through all her members, draws from Thee  
 Her hidden life of sanctity.

HYMN

136.

C. M.

JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold  
 A thousand glories more  
 Than the rich gems, and polished gold,  
 The sons of Aaron wore.

2 Once in the circuit of a year,  
 With blood, but not their own,  
 Did they within the veil appear,  
 Before the golden throne.

3 But Christ, by His own powerful blood,  
 Ascends above the skies,  
 And in the presence of our God  
 Shows His own sacrifice.

4 He ever lives, to intercede  
 Before His Father's face ;  
 For us, O Lord, in mercy plead,  
 And fill us with Thy grace !

HYMN

137.

L. M.

STAND up, my soul, thy fears dismiss,  
 And gird the Gospel armour on ;  
 March to the gates of endless bliss,  
 Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins thy foes may be,  
 But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;  
 Thy Saviour nailed them to the tree,  
 And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
 Press forward to the heavenly gate ;  
 There peace and joy and palms are won,  
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 A starry crown shall be my prize,  
 Triumphant through Almighty grace,  
 While all the armies of the skies  
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

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## WHITSUNDAY.

HYMN

138.

L. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
 And lighten with celestial fire :  
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
 Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessed unction from above  
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;  
 Enable with perpetual light  
 The dulness of our blinded sight.

3 Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;  
 Where Thou art guide no ill can come ;  
 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
 And Thee of both to be but one ;

4 That through the ages all along  
 This may be our endless song ;  
 All praise to Thy eternal merit,  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

HYMN

139.

C. M.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
 His tender, last farewell,  
 A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,  
 With us on earth to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,  
 To teach, convince, subdue ;  
 All-powerful as the wind He came,  
 And all as viewless, too.

3 He came, sweet influence to impart,  
 A gracious, willing Guest,  
 While He can find one humble heart  
 Wherin to fix his rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
 Soft as the breath of even,  
 That checks each fault, that calms each fear  
 And speaks to us of heaven.

5 And every grace our souls possess,  
 All good that we have known ;  
 And every thought of holiness,  
 Are His and His alone.

## HYMN

## 140.

## C. M.

**S**PIRIT of Truth ! on this Thy day  
 To Thee for help we cry,  
 To guide us through the dreary way  
 Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,  
     Or tongues of various tone ;  
 But long thy praises to proclaim,  
     With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill  
     Is found on earth no more ;  
 Enough for us to trace Thy will,  
     In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 Though tongues shall cease and power decay,  
     And knowledge empty prove,  
 Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay  
     With faith, with hope, with love.

## HYMN

## 141.

## C. M.

**W**HEN first the Spirit of our God  
 Came down His flock to find,  
 A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
 A rushing, mighty wind.

2 Nor doth the outward ear alone  
     At that high warning start ;  
 Conscience gives back th' appalling tone ;  
     'Tis echoed in the heart.

3 It fills the Church of God : it fills  
     The sinful world around ;  
     Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
         No place for it is found.

4 To other strains such souls are set :  
     A giddy whirl of sin  
     Fills ear and brain, and will not let  
         Heaven's harmonies come in.

5 Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,  
     Open our ears to hear ;  
     Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;  
         Save, Lord, by love or fear.

HYMN

142.

C. M.

WHEN God of old came down from Heaven,  
     In power and wrath He came ;  
     Before His feet the clouds were riven,  
         Half darkness and half flame.

2 Around the trembling mountain's base  
     The prostrate people lay ;  
     A day of wrath and not of grace,  
         A dark and dreadful day.

3 But when He came the second time,  
     He came in power and love ;  
     Softer than gale at morning prime  
         Hover'd His holy Dove.

4 The fires that rush'd on Sinai down  
     In sudden torrents dread,  
     Now gently light, a glorious crown,  
         On every sainted head.

5 Like arrows went those lightnings forth  
 Wing'd with the sinner's doom,  
 But these like tongues, o'er all the earth  
 Proclaiming life to come.

HYMN

143.

S. M.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,  
 In this accepted hour,  
 As on the day of Pentecost,  
 Descend in all Thy power ;  
 We meet with one accord  
 In our appointed place,  
 And wait the promise of our LORD,  
 The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty rushing wind  
 Upon the waves beneath,  
 Move with one impulse every mind,  
 One soul, one feeling breathe :  
 The young, the old inspire  
 With wisdom from above ;  
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire  
 To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore,  
 And chase our gloom away,  
 With lustre shining more and more  
 Unto the perfect day :  
 Spirit of truth, be Thou  
 In life and death our guide ;  
 O Spirit of adoption, now  
 May we be sanctified.

HYMN

144.

L. M.

CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid  
 The world's foundations first were laid,  
 Come, visit every waiting mind ;  
 Come, pour Thy joys on human kind.

2 Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,  
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring  
 To sanctify us, while we sing.

3 O Source of uncreated light,  
 The Father's promis'd Paraclete !  
 From sin and sorrow set us free,  
 And make us temples worthy Thee !

4 Our frailties help, our vice control,  
 Subdue the senses to the soul ;  
 And when rebellious they are grown,  
 Then lay Thy hand and hold them down.

5 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,  
 And peace, the fruit of love bestow ;  
 And lest our feet should step astray,  
 Protect and guide us in the way.

6 Make us eternal truths receive,  
 And practise all that we believe ;  
 Give us Thyself, that we may see  
 The Father and the Son, by Thee.

## HYMN

## 145.

## III. 1.

SPIRIT, pour'd on Pentecost,  
 Paraclete and Holy Ghost,  
 Resting on the Eternal Son,  
 Holy ! uncreated One !  
 Breath of life ! Thine aid impart,  
 Waken every slumbering heart,  
 Every grovelling soul refine,  
 With Thy power and grace divine.

2 Sanctifier ! seal our hearts  
 With the truth Thy word imparts ;  
 Sacred truths and themes instil,  
 And Thy pleasure all fulfil ;  
 There let Christ replace His throne,  
 And possess us for His own,  
 Till our bodies all shall be  
 Temples to Thy Deity !

3 Everlasting Spirit ! come,  
 Teach us life's imperfect sum ;  
 All on earth is dark and drear,  
 Changeful as the changing year ;  
 Raise our souls from things of earth,  
 Subjects of a better birth,  
 And our song shall be of Thee,  
 Through a blest eternity !

## HYMN

## 146.

## P. M.

HOLY Spirit, Lord of light,  
 From Thy clear celestial height,  
 Thy pure beaming radiance give ;  
 Come, Thou Father of the poor,  
 Come with treasures which endure,  
 Come, Thou Light of all that live !

2 Thou of all consolers best,  
 Visiting the troubled breast,  
     Dost refreshing peace bestow ;  
 Thou in toil art comfort sweet,  
 Pleasant coolness in the heat,  
     Solace in the midst of woe.

3 Light immortal, Light divine,  
 Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,  
     And our inmost being fill ;  
 If Thou take Thy grace away,  
 Nothing pure in man can stay,  
     And his good is turn'd to ill.

4 Thou on those who evermore  
 Thee confess and Thee adore,  
     In Thy sev'nfold gifts descend ;  
 Give them comfort when they die,  
 Give them life with Thee on high,  
     Give them joys which never end.

HYMN

147.

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come ;  
 Let Thy bright beams arise ;  
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
     The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin ;  
     Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
 And to our wondering view reveal  
     The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,  
     Our doubts and fears remove,  
 And kindle in our breasts the flame  
     Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 To pour fresh life in every part,  
 And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come ;  
 Our minds from bondage free ;  
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

HYMN

148.

C. M.

WHY should the children of a King  
 Go mourning all their days ?  
 Great Comforter, descend, and bring  
 Some token of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,  
 And seal the heirs of heaven ?  
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,  
 And show my sins forgiven ?

3 Assure my conscience of a part  
 In the Redeemer's blood ;  
 And bear Thy witness with my heart  
 That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,  
 The pledge of joys to come ;  
 And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
 Will safe convey me home.

HYMN

149.

III. 1.

HOLY GHOST ! with light divine,  
 Shine upon this heart of mine ;  
 Chase the shades of night away,  
 Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost ! with power divine,  
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;  
 Long hath sin without control,  
 Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost ! with joy divine,  
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine,  
 Bid my many woes depart,  
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Ghost ! Thou Lord divine,  
 Dwell within this heart of mine ;  
 Cast down every idol-throne,  
 Reign supreme, and reign alone.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

HYMN

150.

C. M.

HAIL ! holy, holy, holy Lord !  
 Whom One in Three we know ;  
 By all Thy heavenly Host adored,  
 By all Thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity,  
     With triumph we proclaim;  
     Thy universe is full of Thee,  
     And speaks Thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;  
     Thee, holy Son, adore:  
     Thee, Spirit of true holiness,  
     We worship evermore.

4 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord!  
     Our heavenly song shall be;  
     Supreme, essential One, adored  
     In Co-eternal Three.

HYMN

151.

S. M.

FATHER in whom we live,  
     In whom we are and move,  
     The glory, power, and praise receive,  
     Of Thy creating love.

2 Incarnate Deity  
     Let all the ransomed race  
     Render in thanks their lives to Thee,  
     For Thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness,  
     Let all Thy saints adore,  
     Thy sacred energy and bliss,  
     Thy heart-renewing power.

4 The grace to sinners show'd,  
     Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,  
     And cry "Salvation to our God,  
     Salvation to the Lamb."

5 Not angel tongues can tell  
 Thy love's ecstatic height,  
 The glorious joy unspeakable,  
 The beatific sight.

6 Eternal, Triune Lord :  
 Let all the hosts above,  
 Let all the sons of men record  
 And dwell upon Thy love.

7 When heaven and earth are fled,  
 Before Thy glorious face,  
 Sing all the saints Thy love hath made  
 Thine everlasting praise.

HYMN

152.

III. 1.

HOLY, holy, holy LORD,  
 God of Hosts ! when heaven and earth,  
 Out of darkness at Thy word,  
 Issued into glorious birth,  
 All Thy works before Thee stood,  
 And Thine eye beheld them good,  
 While they sang with sweet accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy LORD !

2 Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,  
 One JEHOVAH evermore,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit ! we,  
 Dust and ashes, would adore ;

Lightly by the world esteem'd,  
 From that world by Thee redeem'd,  
 Sing we here with glad accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy LORD !

3 Holy, holy, holy ! All  
 Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,  
 When the ransom'd nations fall  
 At the footstool of their King :  
 Then shall saints and seraphim,  
 Hearts and voices swell one hymn,  
 Round the Throne with full accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy LORD !

HYMN

153.

III. 5.

HOLY Father, great Creator,  
 Source of Mercy, love and peace,  
 Look upon the Mediator,  
 Clothe us with His righteousness ;  
 Heavenly Father,  
 Through the Saviour, hear and bless.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of Glory,  
 Whom angelic hosts proclaim,  
 While we hear Thy wondrous story,  
 Meet and worship in Thy name,  
 Dear Redeemer,  
 In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,  
 Come with unction from above,  
 Raise our hearts to raptures higher,  
 Fill them with the Saviour's love ;  
 Source of comfort,  
 Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation  
 Let thy wondrous mercies shine ;  
 In the song of Thy salvation  
 Every tongue and race combine ;  
 Great Jehovah,  
 Form our hearts, and make them Thine.

HYMN

154.

C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,  
 And bow'd the heavens most high,  
 And underneath His feet He cast  
 The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim,  
 Full royally he rode,  
 And on the wings of mighty winds,  
 Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,  
 Their fury to restrain ;  
 And He, as sovereign Lord and King,  
 For evermore shall reign.

FAST DAY.

HYMN

155.

C. M.

COME, let our souls adore the Lord,  
 Whose judgments yet delay ;  
 Who yet suspends the lifted sword,  
 And gives us time to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great  
 But let us not despair ;  
 Still open is the mercy-seat  
 To penitence and prayer.

3 Kind Intercessor, to Thy love  
 This blessed hope we owe :  
 Now let Thy merits plead above,  
 While we implore below.

4 Though justice near Thine awful throne  
 Attends Thy dread command,  
 Lord, hear Thy servants, hear Thy Son,  
 And save a guilty land.

HYMN

156.

C. M.

During a Pestilence.

LET the land mourn through all its coasts,  
 And humble all its state ;  
 Princes and rulers, at their posts,  
 Awhile sit desolate.

2 Let priests and people, high and low,  
 Rich, poor, and great and small,  
 Invoke, in fellowship of woe,  
 The Maker of them all.

3 For God hath summon'd from his place  
 Death, in a direr form,  
 To waken, warn, and scourge our race,  
 Than earthquake, fire, or storm.

4 Let Churches weep within their pale,  
 And families apart ;  
 Let each in secrecy bewail  
 The plague of his own heart.

5 So while the land bemoans its sin,  
 The pestilence may cease,  
 And mercy tempering wrath, bring in  
 God's blessed health and peace.

## HYMN

## 157.

## L. M.

During a Pestilence.

IT is the LORD ! — Behold His hand  
 Outstretch'd with an afflictive rod ;  
 And hark ! a voice goes through the land,  
 “ Be still, and know that I am God ! ”

2 Shall we, like guilty Adam, hide  
 In darkest shades our darker fears ?  
 For who His coming may abide ?  
 Or who shall stand when He appears ?

3 No,—Let us throng around His seat ;  
 No,—Let us meet Him face to face ;  
 Prostrate our spirits at His feet,  
 Confess our sins, and sue for grace.

4 Who knows but God will hear our cries,  
 Turn swift destruction from our path,  
 Restrain His judgments, or chastise  
 In tender mercy, not in wrath ?

5 He will, He will, for JESUS pleads ;  
 Let heaven and earth His love record ;  
 For us, for us, He intercedes ;  
 Our help is nigh :— it is the LORD !

6 Into His hands then let us fall  
 Come health or sickness, life or death ;  
 Whether He send us balm for gall,  
 Or immortality for breath.

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## THANKSGIVING DAY.

HYMN

158.

C. M.

LORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,  
 And Thou hast sworn to hear ;  
 Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,  
 The fresh and fading year.

2 The former and the latter rain,  
 The summer sun and air,  
 The green ear, and the golden grain,  
 All Thine, are ours by prayer.

3 Thine too, by right, and ours, by grace,  
 The wondrous growth unseen,  
 The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,  
 The love that shines serene.

4 So grant the precious things brought forth  
 By sun and moon below,  
 That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth,  
 We never may forego.

HYMN

159.

L. M.

CREAT God, as seasons disappear,  
 And changes mark the rolling year ;  
 As time with rapid pinions flies,  
 May every season make us wise.

2 Long has Thy favour crown'd our days,  
 And summer shed again its rays ;  
 No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd ;  
 No blasting winds our path assail'd.

3 Our harvest months have o'er us roll'd  
 And fill'd our fields with waving gold ;  
 Our tables spread, our garners stor'd !  
 Where are our hearts to praise the Lord ?

4 The solemn harvest comes apace,  
 The closing day of life and grace :  
 Time of decision, awful hour !  
 Around it let no tempests lower !

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
 Like stars in heaven to rise and shine ;  
 Then shall our happy souls above  
 Reap the full harvest of Thy love !

HYMN

160.

C. M.

'TIS by Thy strength the mountains stand,  
 God of eternal power !  
 The sea grows calm at Thy command,  
 And tempests cease to lower.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade  
 Successive comforts bring :  
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad ;  
 Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons, and hours,  
 Heaven, earth, and air are Thine ;  
 When clouds distil in fruitful showers,  
 The author is divine.

4 Those wandering fountains of the sky,  
 Borne by the winds around,  
 With watery treasures well supply  
 The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,  
 And ranks of corn appear ;  
 Thy ways abound with blessings still,  
 Thy goodness crowns the year.

HYMN

161.

P. M.

**T**HE God of harvest praise ;  
 In loud thanksgiving raise  
 Hand, heart, and voice ;  
 The valleys smile and sing,  
 Forests and mountains ring,  
 The plains their tribute bring,  
 The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless His Holy Name,  
 And purest thanks proclaim  
 Through all the earth :

To glory in your lot  
 Is comely—but be not  
 His benefits forgot,  
 Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise ;  
 Hands, hearts, and voices, raise  
 With sweet accord ;  
 From field to garner throng,  
 Bearing your sheaves along,  
 And in your harvest song  
 Bless ye the Lord.

HYMN

162.

C. M.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray  
 Of every clime and coast,  
 O hear us for our native land,  
 The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe ;  
 With peace our borders bless,  
 Our cities with prosperity,  
 Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love  
 Of knowledge, truth, and Thee ;  
 And let our hills and valleys sing  
 That Christ hath made us free.

4 Lord of the nation, thus to Thee  
 Our country we commend ;  
 Be Thou her refuge and her trust,  
 Her everlasting friend.

## HYMN

## 163.

## II. 4.

BEFORE the Lord we bow,  
 The God who reigns above,  
 And rules the world below,  
 Boundless in power and love.  
 Our thanks we bring.  
 In joy and praise,  
 Our hearts we raise  
 To heaven's high King.

2 The nation Thou hast blest,  
 May well Thy love declare,  
 From foes and fears at rest,  
 Protected by Thy care.

For this fair land,  
 For this bright day,  
 Our thanks we pay,—  
 Gifts of Thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,  
 Each vale and forest green,  
 Shine in Thy word's pure light,  
 And its rich fruits be seen !

May every tongue  
 Be tun'd to praise,  
 And join to raise  
 A grateful song.

4 Earth ! hear Thy Maker's voice,  
 The great Redeemer own,  
 Believe, obey, rejoice,  
 And worship Him alone,

Cast down thy pride,  
 Thy sin deplore,  
 And bow before  
 The Crucified.

5 And when in power He comes,  
     O may our native land,  
     From all its rending tombs,  
     Send forth a glorious band.  
     A countless throng  
     Ever to sing,  
     To Heaven's high king  
     Salvation's song.

## HYMN

## 164.

## III. 1.

After a Pestilence.

WALKING on the winged wind,  
     Fear before Him, Death behind,  
     When the LORD came down in wrath,  
     Clouds and darkness girt his path.

2 Thence abroad His arrows flew,  
     Thick and fast they smote and slew ;  
     We in dust and ashes lay,  
     None could help, but all could pray.

3 Prayer prevail'd amidst despair,  
     God delights to answer prayer ;  
     Judgment laid its terrors by,  
     Mercy beam'd o'er earth and sky.

4 Now be sorrow turn'd to song,  
 Let the bruised reed grow strong,  
 Smoking flax break forth and blaze,  
 Prayer transform itself to praise.

5 Let the living now record  
 All the goodness of the LORD ;  
 Him let the redeem'd adore,  
 Go in peace, and sin no more.

## HYMN

## 165.

## II. 4.

After a Pestilence.

SING Hallelujah ; sing  
 Glory to God alone !  
 Bring your oblations, bring  
 Thank-offerings to the throne ;  
 Take words of joy, of comfort take,  
 Awake to love, to life awake.

2 The Lord put forth His hand,  
 He touch'd us and we died ;  
 Vengeance went through the land,  
 But mercy walk'd beside ;  
 He heard our prayers : He saw our tears,  
 And stay'd the plague and quell'd our fears.

3 What shall we give to Thee,  
 O Thou whose purer eyes  
 Behold iniquity  
 In man's best sacrifice ?  
 Ourselves we give, but rest our claim  
 On Christ, and know none other Name.

4 For Jesus' sake forgive  
 Thy people, Lord, and spare,  
 To Him and Thee to live,  
 For Thine and His we are ;  
 Thy quickening Spirit gave us breath,  
 Thy Son, by death, has conquer'd death.

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## BAPTISM AND CONFIRMATION.

HYMN                    166.                    P. M.

BLESSED Jesus, here we stand,  
 Met to do as Thou hast spoken,  
 And this child at thy command  
 To the Font we bring, in token  
 That to Thee it here is given ;  
 For of such shall be Thy heaven.

2 Yes, Thy warning voice is plain,  
 And we fain would heed it duly,  
 "He who is not born again,  
 Heart and life renewing truly,  
 Born of water and the Spirit,  
 Shall My kingdom ne'er inherit."

3 Therefore hasten we to Thee,  
 Take the pledge we bring, oh ! take it ;  
 Let us here Thy glory see,  
 And in tender pity make it  
 Now Thy child, and leave it never ;  
 Thine on earth and Thine forever.

4 Make it, Christ, Thy member now,  
 Shepherd, take Thy lamb and feed it,  
 Prince of Peace, its peace be Thou,  
 Way of Life, to Heaven, oh ! lead it ;  
 Vine, this branch may nothing sever,  
 Be it graff'd in Thee forever.

5 Now upon Thy heart it lies,  
 What our hearts so dearly treasure ;  
 Heavenward lead our burden'd sighs,  
 Pour Thy blessings without measure ;  
 Write the name we now have given ;  
 Write it in the book of Heaven.

## HYMN

## 167.

## C. M.

**M**Y God ! the covenant of Thy love  
 Abides forever sure ;  
 And in its matchless grace I feel  
 My happiness secure.

2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,  
 My Father art become,  
 Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,  
 And heaven my final home :

3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,  
 For all that will is love ;  
 And when I know not what Thou dost,  
 I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom  
 Shall heavenly rays impart,  
 And when my eyelids close in death,  
 Sustain my fainting heart.

HYMN

168.

C. M.

MY God, accept my heart this day,  
 And make it always Thine,  
 That I from thee no more may stray,  
 No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,  
 Behold I prostrate fall ;  
 Let every sin be crucified,  
 Let Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,  
 Adopt me for Thine own ;  
 That I may see Thy glorious face,  
 And worship at Thy throne !

4 May the dear blood, once shed for me,  
 My blest atonement prove ;  
 That I from first to last may be  
 The purchase of Thy love !

5 Let every thought, and work, and word,  
 To Thee be ever given ;  
 Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
 And death the gate of heaven !

HYMN

169.

C. M.

YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,  
 In willing crowds draw near,  
 And turn from every mortal charm  
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 "The soul that longs to see My face,  
    Is sure My love to gain ;  
And those that early seek My grace,  
    Shall never seek in vain."

3 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
    If once compar'd with Thee ?  
What beauty should command my love,  
    Like what in Christ I see ?

4 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
    Vain tempters of the mind !  
'Tis here I seek my highest joys,  
    And here true bliss I find.

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## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN

170.

L. M.

**T**'WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd Him to His foes :

2 Before the mournful scene began,  
    He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake ;  
What love through all His actions ran !  
    What wondrous words of grace He spake !

3 "This is My body, broke for sin ;  
    Receive and eat the living food ;"  
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine :  
    "This the new covenant in My blood."

4 Jesus ! Thy feast we celebrate ;  
 We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,  
 Till Thou return, and we shall eat  
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

HYMN

171.

C. M.

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless  
 Thy chosen pilgrim flock,  
 With manna in the wilderness,  
 With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,  
 As Thou when here below,  
 Our souls the joys celestial seek  
 Which from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,  
 But by that word of grace,  
 In strength of which we travel on  
 To our abiding place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,  
 But do not then depart,  
 Saviour abide with us and spread  
 Thy table in our heart.

5 Lord sup with us in love divine ;  
 Thy body and thy blood,  
 That living bread, that heavenly wine,  
 Be our immortal food.

HYMN

172.

C. M.

O GOD unseen, yet ever near,  
 Thy presence may we feel ;  
 And thus inspir'd with holy fear,  
 Before thine altar kneel.

2 Here may Thy faithful people know  
 The blessings of Thy love ;  
 The streams that through the desert flow,  
 The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,  
 To feast on heavenly food ;  
 Our meat the Body of the Lord,  
 Our drink His precious Blood.

4 Thus may we all Thy words obey,  
 For we, O God, are Thine ;  
 And go rejoicing in our way,  
 Renew'd with strength divine.

HYMN

173.

III. 2.

BREAD of heaven, on Thee I feed,  
 For Thy flesh is meat indeed,  
 Ever may my soul be fed,  
 With the true and living Bread :  
 Day by day with strength supplied,  
 Through the life of Him that died.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies  
 This blest cup of sacrifice ;  
 'Tis thy wounds my healing give ;  
 To Thy cross I look and live :  
 Rooted, grounded, graff'd in Thee,  
 A living branch O let me be.

HYMN

174.

P. M.

**B**READ of the world in mercy broken,  
 Wine of the soul in mercy shed,  
 By whom the words of life were spoken,  
 And in whose death our sins are dead :

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,  
 And be Thy Feast to us, the token  
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

HYMN

175.

L. M.

**L**ORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,  
 Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine ;  
 With full consent Thine I would be,  
 And own Thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all,  
 I yield to Thee beyond recall ;  
 Accept Thine own, withheld too long ;  
 Accept my heart, inspire my song.

3 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
 Among the children of Thy grace ;  
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
 But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

4 Thine would I live, and Thine would die,  
Be Thine thro' all eternity ;  
The vow is past beyond repeal,  
And now I set the solemn seal.

5 Be Thou the witness of my vow ;  
Angels and men behold me now,  
While to Thy table I repair,  
And seal the sacred covenant there.

6 Here, by that cross, where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God ;  
Thee, my sole Master, now I call,  
And consecrate to Thee my all.

7 Do Thou assist a feeble worm,  
The great engagement to perform ;  
Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
And on that grace I dare depend.

## HYMN

## 176.

## C. M.

FOR mercies countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus' my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give ?

2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,  
What can I bring Him forth ?  
My best is stained and dyed with sin,  
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
For all He has bestow'd ;  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask him still for more.

HYMN

177.

C. M.

**L**ORD, may the spirit of Thy feast,  
**L**The earnest of Thy love,  
Maintain a dwelling in our breast,  
Until we meet above.

2 The healing sense of pardon'd sin,  
The hope that never tires,  
The strength a pilgrim's race to win,  
The joy that heaven inspires :

3 Still may their light our duties trace  
In lines of hallow'd flame,  
Like that upon the prophet's face,  
When from the mount he came.

4 But if no more with kindred dear  
The broken bread we share,  
Nor at the sacred board appear  
To breathe the grateful prayer ;

5 Forget us not, when on the bed  
Of dire disease we waste,  
Or to the chambers of the dead,  
And bar of judgment haste.

6 Forget not, Thou that bar'st the woe  
Of Calvary's fatal tree,  
Those who within these courts below,  
Have thus remember'd Thee.

## HYMN

## 178.

## C. M.

**I**F human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie ;  
If tender thoughts within us burn,  
To feel a friend is nigh ;

**2** O, shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To Him, who died, our fears to quell ;  
Who bore our guilt and woe !

**3** While yet in anguish He survey'd  
Those pangs He would not flee,  
What love His latest words display'd ;  
"Meet and remember me !"

**4** Remember Thee, Thy death, Thy shame,  
Our sinful hearts to share !  
O memory ! leave no other name  
But His recorded there.

## VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

ORDINATION AND INSTITUTION OF  
MINISTERS.

## HYMN

## 179.

## C. M.

**H**OW beautiful the feet that bring  
The gladsome tidings here !  
What gracious messengers e'en now  
To our blest eyes appear !

2 Thy servants speak — Thou only canst  
The hearing ear bestow :  
They smite the rock — but thou alone  
Dost bid the waters flow.

3 They seek — but only Thou hast skill  
To bring lost wanderers home :  
They call — but 'tis Thy love compels,  
And then th' invited come.

4 Lord, Thou art with them of a truth,  
Lest we should go astray ;  
The twelve bright banners go before  
And show us Canaan's way.

5 Bless we our God, who grants us here  
To sing in Sion's ways !  
Oh when, on heavenly Sion's hill,  
When shall we sing Thy praise ?

## HYMN

## 180.

## C. M.

L ORD, Thine appointed servants bless,  
L That they may faithful be,  
To preach the truth in righteousness,  
And sinners win to Thee.

2 Uphold them by Almighty power,  
Thy strength divine impart,  
And, in each dark and trying hour,  
Cheer Thou their fainting heart.

3 In holy watchfulness and prayer,  
O keep them near Thy side ;  
May they with loving zeal declare  
A Saviour crucified !

4 Great Shepherd of the sheep, draw near,  
 Thy Spirit now be given ;  
 That they who preach, and those who hear,  
 May sing Thy praise in heaven.

HYMN

181.

C. M.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
 And take th' alarm they give ;  
 Now let them from the mouth of God  
 Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,  
 The pastor's care demands,  
 But what might fill an angel's heart,  
 And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
 Did heavenly bliss forego ;  
 For souls, which must forever live,  
 In rapture or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,  
 Th' account to render there ;  
 And should'st Thou strictly mark our faults,  
 Lord, how should we appear ?

5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,  
 Their own Redeemer see ;  
 And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,  
 That they may watch for Thee.

HYMN

182.

L. M.

POUR out Thy Spirit from on high ;  
 LORD, Thine assembled servants bless ;  
 Graces and gifts to each supply,  
 And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple, when we stand  
     To teach the truth, as taught by Thee ;  
     Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,  
     Let Thine anointed pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
     Firmness with meekness, from above,  
     To bear Thy people on our heart,  
     And love the souls whom Thou dost love :—

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,  
     By day and night, strict guard to keep,  
     To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
     Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep ;

5 Then, when our work is finish'd here,  
     In humble hope our charge resign ;  
     When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,  
     O GOD ! may they and we be Thine.

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CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

HYMN

183.

L. M.

HERE, in Thy name, Eternal God,  
 We build this earthly house for Thee :  
 O make it now Thy fix'd abode,  
 And holy let Thy temple be.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,  
 And dying sinners pray to live,  
 Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,  
 And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim  
 The blessed gospel of Thy Son ;  
 Still by the power of His great name,  
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,  
 Hosanna to their heavenly King ;  
 Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong,  
 Hosanna, let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign  
 Here to abide, no transient guest ?  
 Here will our great Redeemer reign,  
 And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

6 Thy glory never hence depart :  
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;  
 Thy kingdom come in every heart,  
 In every bosom fix Thy throne.

HYMN

184.

C. M.

GR<sup>E</sup>AT Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;  
 Thy presence now display ;  
 As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
 So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us the tokens of Thy love,  
 Our feeble hope to raise ;  
 And pour Thy blessing from above,  
 That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls be holy peace ;  
 Thy mercy here reveal ;  
 Here give the burden'd soul release,  
 The wounded spirit heal !

4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,  
 The contrite heart bestow ;  
 And shine upon us from on high,  
 To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive Thy word,  
 In faith address our prayers ;  
 And in the presence of the Lord  
 Unbosom all our cares.

6 Here may Thy Gospel's joyful sound  
 Enforc'd by grace divine,  
 Awaken many sinners round,  
 And bend their wills to Thine.

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## MISSIONS.

HYMN                    185.                    P. M.

**S**END out Thy light and truth, O God !  
 With sound of trumpet from above ;  
 Break not the nations with Thy rod,  
 But draw them as with cords of love ;  
 Justice and mercy meet ;  
 The work is well begun,  
 Through every clime their feet,  
 Who bring glad tidings, run ;  
 In earth, as heaven, Thy will be done.

2 Before Thee every idol fall,  
 Rend the false prophet's veil of lies ;  
 The fulness of the Gentiles call,  
 Be Israel sav'd, let Jacob rise :  
 Thy Kingdom come indeed,  
 Thy church with union bless,  
 All scripture be her creed,  
 And every tongue confess  
 One LORD,—the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Now for the travail of His soul,  
 MESSIAH's peaceful reign advance ;  
 From sea to sea, from pole to pole,  
 He claims His pledg'd inheritance :  
 O Thou most mighty ! gird  
 Thy sword upon Thy thigh,—  
 That two-edg'd sword—Thy word,  
 By which Thy foes shall die,  
 Then be new-born beneath Thine eye.

4 So perish all Thine enemies,  
 Their enmity alone be slain ;  
 Them, in the arms of mercy seize,  
 Breathe, and their souls shall come again :  
 So may Thy friends at length,  
 Oft smitten, oft laid low,  
 Forth, like the sun in strength,  
 Conquering, to conquer go,  
 Till to Thy throne all nations flow.

HYMN

186.

L. M.

A RM of the Lord, awake, awake !  
 A Put on thy strength ! the nations shake !  
 And let the world adoring see,  
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,  
I am Jehovah — God alone !  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Almighty God ! Thy grace proclaim,  
In every land, of every name ;  
Let Zion's time of favor come ;  
Oh ! bring the tribes of Israel home.

4 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !  
Put on Thy strength ! the nations shake !  
Let hostile powers before Thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

## HYMN

## 187.

## P. M.

THOU, whose Almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight !  
Hear us, we humbly pray ;  
And where the gospel day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light !

2 Thou, who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the spirit-blind,  
Oh, now to all mankind  
Let there be light !

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
    Speed forth Thy flight !  
Move on the water's face,  
Spreading the beams of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
    Let there be light !

4 Blessed and Holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
    Wisdom, Love, Might !  
Wherever souls abide,  
Boundless as ocean wide,  
Rolling its fullest tide,  
    Let there be light !

HYMN                    188.                    C. M.

FATHER of all, from whom we trace  
    Our universal kind,  
Teach us to all of human race  
    To show a brother's mind.

2 Saviour of men ! 'twas Thine the pain  
    Of death for all to bear ;  
In concord all thy followers train,  
    One hallowed name to share.

3 O Spirit ! who the chosen fold  
    Dost wash with heav'nly dew,  
Grant Thou, that all the truth who hold  
    May peace with all pursue.

4 O let mankind in love agree,  
    Sons of one parent stock !  
But, chief, may Christian verity  
    Unite the Christian flock.

5 May truth to all that hear its sound  
 A bond of union prove,  
 And fellowship of faith be crown'd  
 With fellowship of love.

HYMN

189.

C. M.

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust,  
 Exalt thy fallen head ;  
 Again in thy Redeemer trust,  
 He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,  
 Thy beautiful array ;  
 The day of freedom dawns at length,  
 The LORD's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
 And send thy heralds forth ;  
 Say to the South, " Give up thy charge,"  
 And " keep not back, O North ! "

4 They come, they come ; thine exiled bands,  
 Where'er they rest or roam,  
 Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
 And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,  
 And God his works destroy,  
 With songs the ransom'd shall return,  
 And everlasting joy.

## HYMN

## 190.

## III. 5.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze !  
 See the promises advancing  
 To a glorious day of grace ;  
 Morn of gladness !  
 Let thy glorious dawn appear.

2 Let the dark benighted pagan,

Let the rude barbarian see

That divine and glorious conquest,

Once obtained on Calvary ;

Let the Gospel

Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,

Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;

Now, from eastern coast to western,

May the morning chase the night ;

Let Redemption

Freely purchased rule the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,

Win and conquer, never cease :

May thy lasting, wide dominions

Multiply and still increase :

Sway Thy sceptre,

Saviour, all the world around.

## HYMN

## 191.

## S. M.

ORD of the harvest, hear  
 Thy needy servants' cry ;  
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
 And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait,  
 Our wants are in Thy view ;  
 The harvest, Lord, is truly great,  
 The labourers are few.

3 Anoint and send forth more  
 Into Thy Church abroad,  
 Thy Spirit on their spirits pour,  
 And make them strong for God.

4 O let them spread Thy name,  
 Their mission fully prove ;  
 Thy universal grace proclaim,  
 Thine all-redeeming love.

HYMN

192.

C. M.

WORKMAN of God ! O lose not heart,  
 But learn what God is like ;  
 And in the darkest battle-field  
 Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 O bless'd is he to whom is given  
 The instinct that can tell  
 That God is on the field, when He  
 Is most invisible !

3 And bless'd is he who can divine  
 Where real right doth lie,  
 And dares to take the side that seems  
 Wrong to man's blindfold eye !

4 O learn to scorn the praise of men !  
 O learn to lose with God !  
 For Jesus won the world through shame,  
 And beckons thee His road.

5 For right is right, since God is God,  
 And right the day must win ;  
 To doubt would be disloyalty,  
 To falter would be sin.

HYMN            193.            L. M.

YE Christian heroes, go proclaim  
 Salvation through Immanuel's name ;  
 To distant climes the tidings bear,  
 And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
 With flaming zeal your breasts inspire ;  
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
 And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when your labours all are o'er  
 Then we shall meet to part no more ;  
 Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,  
 And crown Messiah Lord of all.

HYMN            194.            L. M.

Ezekiel XLVII. 8, 9.

REAT Source of being and of love,  
 Thou waterest all the worlds above,  
 And all the joys we mortals know,  
 From Thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at Thy command,  
 From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,  
 Beside Thy temple, cleaves the ground,  
 And pours its limpid stream around.

3 The limpid stream, with sudden force  
 Swells to a river in its course ;  
 Through desert realms its windings play,  
 And scatter blessings all the way.

4 Close by its banks, in order fair,  
 The blooming trees of life appear ;  
 Their blossoms fragrant odours give,  
 And on their fruit the nations live.

5 To the dead sea the waters flow,  
 And carry healing as they go ;  
 Its poisonous woes their power confess,  
 And all its shores the fountain bless.

6 Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crown'd,  
 Flow on to earth's remotest bound ;  
 And bear us on thy gentle wave  
 To Him who all thy virtues gave.

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PARISH AND SUNDAY  
 SCHOOLS.

HYMN                    195.                    IV. 1.

O COME, let us raise  
 Our tribute of song ;  
 Thanksgiving and praise  
 To JESUS belong ;  
 He came from above  
 Our bliss to begin,  
 Make perfect in love,  
 And free us from sin.

2 The old and the young,  
 His people by choice,  
 With heart, soul, and tongue,  
 In Him may rejoice ;  
 We meet Him to-day  
 Triumphant crown'd,  
 And welcome His way,  
 In chorus around.

3 Hosanna ! — that word  
 To children is dear ;  
 To JESUS our LORD,  
 We'll echo it here ;  
 Let worldlings despise,  
 And enemies rail,  
 Hosannas shall rise,  
 Hosannas prevail.

4 God's temple shall ring,  
 While under His eye,  
 Hosanna we sing,  
 For JESUS draws nigh :  
 Hosanna ! our breath  
 Through life shall proclaim ;  
 Hosanna ! in death,  
 In glory, the same !

HYMN

196.

II. 6.

WHEN His salvation bringing  
 To Zion Jesus came,  
 The children all stood singing  
 Hosanna to His name ;

Nor did their zeal offend Him,  
 But as He went along,  
 He let them still attend Him,  
 And smil'd to hear their song.  
 Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

2 And since the Lord retaineth  
 His love to children still,  
 Though now as King He reigneth  
 On Zion's heavenly hill ;  
 We'll flock around His banner  
 Who sits upon His throne,  
 And cry aloud Hosanna  
 To David's royal Son :  
 Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming  
 Our great Redeemer's praise,  
 The stones our silence shaming  
 Would their Hosannas raise.  
 But shall we only render  
 The tribute of our words ?  
 No ; while our hearts are tender,  
 They too shall be the Lord's.  
 Hosanna to Jesus our King.

HYMN

197.

III. 3.

WHAT a strange and wondrous story,  
 From the Book of God is read —  
 How the Lord of life and glory  
 Had not where to lay His head.

2 How He left His throne in heaven,  
 Here to suffer, bleed, and die,  
 That my soul might be forgiven,  
 And ascend to God on high.

3 Father ! let Thy Holy Spirit  
 Still reveal a Saviour's love,  
 And prepare me to inherit  
 Glory where He reigns above ;

4 There, with saints and angels dwelling,  
 May I that great love proclaim,  
 And with them be ever telling,  
 All the wonders of His name.

HYMN

198.

C. M.

**B**LEST be the wisdom and the power,  
 The justice and the grace,  
 That joined in counsel to restore,  
 And save our ruined race.

2 Blest be the Lord that sent His Son  
 To take our flesh and blood :  
 He for our lives gave up His own,  
 To make our peace with God.

3 He honour'd all His Father's laws,  
 Which we have disobey'd ;  
 He bore our sins upon the cross,  
 And our full ransom paid.

4 Behold Him rising from the grave,  
 Behold Him raised on high :  
 He pleads His merits there to save  
 Transgressors doom'd to die.

## HYMN 199. L. M.

O LORD, behold before Thy throne  
 A band of children lowly bend ;  
 Thy face we seek, Thy name we own,  
 And pray that Thou wilt be our friend.

2 Thou didst on earth the young receive,  
 And gently fold them to Thy breast,  
 And say that such in heaven should live,  
 For ever safe, for ever blest.

3 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,  
 That He may teach us how to pray ;  
 Make us sincere, and let each heart  
 Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

4 Oh, let Thy grace our souls renew,  
 And seal a sense of pardon there ;  
 Teach us Thy will to know and do,  
 And let us all Thine image bear.

## HYMN 200.

IN the vineyard of our Father,  
 Daily work we find to do ;  
 Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,  
 Though we are but young and few ;  
 Little clusters  
 Help to fill the garners, too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,  
 Catching moments through the day,  
 Nothing small or lowly scorning  
 While we work, and watch, and pray ;  
 Gathering gladly  
 Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,  
 Not for objects nothing worth,  
 But to send the blessed story  
 Of the Gospel, o'er the earth,  
 Telling mortals  
 Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Up and ever at our calling,  
 Till in death our lips are dumb,  
 Or till — sin's dominion falling —  
 Christ shall in His kingdom come,  
 And his children  
 Reach their everlasting home.

5 Steadfast then in our endeavor  
 Heavenly Father, may we be ;  
 And forever, and forever,  
 We will give the praise to Thee ;  
 Hallelujah  
 Singing, all eternity.

## HYMN

## 201.

## III. 2.

WORDS are things of little cost,  
 Quickly spoken, quickly lost ;  
 We forget them, but they stand  
 Witnesses at God's right hand,  
 And their testimony bear  
 For us, or against us there.

2 Oh, how often ours have been  
 Idle words and words of sin !  
 Words of anger, scorn, or pride,  
 Or deceit, our faults to hide,  
 Envious tales, or strife unkind,  
 Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,  
 Strength to watch, and grace to pray :  
 May our lips, from sin kept free,  
 Love to speak and sing of Thee ;  
 Till in heaven we learn to raise  
 Hymns of everlasting praise.

HYMN                    202.                    S. M.

B EWARE of Peter's word,  
 Nor confidently say,  
 "I never will deny the Lord,"  
 But, "Grant I never may."

2 Our wisdom is to seek  
 Our strength in God alone,  
 For e'en an angel would be weak,  
 Who trusted in his own.

3 Retreat beneath His wings,  
 And in His grace confide ;  
 This more exalts the King of kings  
 Than all His works beside.

4 In Jesus is our store ;  
 Grace issues from His throne ;  
 Whoever says, "I want no more,"  
 Confesses he has none.

HYMN                    203.                    S. M.

W HAT is there, Lord, a child can do  
 Who feels with guilt oppress'd ?  
 There's evil that I never knew  
 Before, within my breast.

2 My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,  
 My temper apt to rise;  
 And when I seem upon my guard  
 It takes me by surprise.

3 And yet, if I begin to pray,  
 And lift my feeble cry,  
 Some thoughts of folly, or of play,  
 Prevent me when I try.

4 How often in thy Church I've heard  
 Of Jesus and of heaven,  
 Yet scarcely listen'd to Thy Word,  
 Or pray'd to be forgiven.

5 Oh ! look with pity in Thine eye  
 Upon a heart so hard;  
 Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,  
 Or show it no regard.

## INFANT SCHOOLS.

HYMN                    204.                    P. M.

**A** ROUND the throne of God in Heaven  
 Thousands of children stand,  
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
 A holy, happy band,  
 Singing — Glory ! glory ! glory !  
 Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,  
 See every one arrayed,  
 Dwelling in everlasting light,  
 And joys that cannot fade.  
 Singing — Glory ! glory ! glory !  
 Glory be to God on high.

3 What brought them to that world above,  
 That heaven so bright and fair,  
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love,  
 How came those children there?  
 Singing — Glory ! glory ! glory !  
 Glory be to God on high.

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood  
 To wash away their sin,  
 Bath'd in that pure and precious flood  
 Behold them white and clean.  
 Singing — Glory ! glory ! glory !  
 Glory be to God on high.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
 On earth they lov'd His name ;  
 So now they see Him face to face,  
 And stand before the Lamb.  
 Singing — Glory ! glory ! glory  
 Glory be to God on high.

HYMN

205.

P. M.

THERE is a happy land, far, far away,  
 Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright  
 as day.  
 O, how they sweetly sing,  
 Worthy is our Saviour King,  
 Loud let his praises ring,  
 Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land, come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay?

O, we shall happy be,  
When from sin and sorrow free!  
Lord, we shall live with Thee,  
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land, beams ev'ry eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die.

O, then to glory run;  
Be a crown and kingdom won;  
And bright, above the sun,  
We reign for aye.

## HYMN

## 206.

## III. 1.

LITTLE travellers Zionward,  
Each one entering into rest,  
In the kingdom of your Lord,  
In the mansions of the blest,  
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,  
Gives the crowns His followers win—  
Lift your heads ye golden gates!  
Let the little travellers in.

2 Who are they whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through,  
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat,  
They had ever kept in view?  
“I, from Greenland's frozen land;”  
“I, from India's sultry plain;”  
“I, from Afric's burning sand;”  
“I, from islands of the main.”

3 "All our earthly journey past,  
 Every tear and pain gone by,  
 Here together met at last,  
 At the portal of the sky!"  
 Each the welcome "Come" awaits,  
 "Conqueror over death and sin!"  
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
 Let the little travellers in!

HYMN

207.

IV. 3.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,  
 When Jesus was here among men,  
 How He call'd little children as lambs to His fold,  
 I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been plac'd on my head,  
 That His arm had been thrown around me,  
 And that I might have seen His kind look when  
 He said,  
 "Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
 And ask for a share in His love;  
 And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
 I shall see Him and hear Him above;

4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare  
 For all who are washed and forgiven;  
 Full many dear children are gathering there,  
 "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,

Never heard of that heavenly home ;  
I wish they could know there is room for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

6 And oh, how I long for that glorious time,  
The sweetest and brightest and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime,  
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest !

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## CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

HYMN

208.

S. M.

SOW in the morn thy seed ;  
At eve hold not thy hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,  
The late or early sown ;  
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,  
When and wherever strown :

3 And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain;  
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
 Shall foster and mature the grain  
 For garners in the sky.

HYMN

209.

C. M.

JESUS, My Lord, how rich Thy grace!  
 Thy bounties how complete!  
 How shall I count the matchless sum?  
 How pay a tribute meet?

2 High on a throne of radiant light  
 Exalted Thou dost shine;  
 What can my poverty bestow,  
 When all the worlds are Thine?

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,  
 The partners of Thy grace;  
 And wilt confess their humble name,  
 Before Thy Father's face.

4 In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,  
 And visited with cheer;  
 And in their accents of distress,  
 My Saviour's voice I hear.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,  
 I in Thy poor would see;  
 O let me rather beg my bread,  
 Than keep it back from Thee.

## HYMN

## 210.

## L. M.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
 What were his works from day to day,  
 But miracles of power and grace,  
 That spread salvation through our race ?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view  
 Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue ;  
 Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,  
 Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may breathe, but never lives,  
 Who much receives, but nothing gives ;  
 Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
 Creation's blot, creation's blank !

4 But he who marks, from day to day,  
 By works of love, his radiant way,  
 Treads the same path his Saviour trod,  
 The path to glory and to God.

## HYMN

## 211.

## C. M.

ORD, lead the way the Saviour went,  
 By lane and cell obscure,  
 And let love's treasures still be spent,  
 Like His, upon the poor :  
 Like Him through scenes of deep distress,  
 Who bore the world's sad weight,  
 We, in their crowded loneliness,  
 Would seek the desolate.

2 For Thou hast plac'd us side by side,  
 In this wide world of ill,  
 And, that Thy followers may be tried,  
 The poor are with us still.  
 Mean are all offerings we can make,  
 But Thou hast taught us, Lord !  
 If given for the Saviour's sake,  
 They lose not their reward.

---

## A T S E A .

HYMN

212.

III. 1.

LORD, go with us, and we go  
 Safely through the weariest length,  
 Travelling, if Thou will'st it so,  
 In the greatness of Thy strength.

2 Through the day and through the dark,  
 Over land and over sea,  
 Speed the wheel, and steer the bark,  
 Bring us where we fain would be.

HYMN

213.

S. M.

O THOU who didst prepare  
 The ocean's sounding deep,  
 And bid the gath'ring waters there  
 In mighty concourse sweep :

2 Toss'd in our reeling bark  
    On this tumultuous sea,  
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,  
    And lift our hearts to Thee.

3 Borne on the stormy wave,  
    In measured sweep we go,  
Nor dread th' unfathomable grave  
    That ever yawns below.

4 Jesus is nigh who trod  
    Of old that foaming spray,  
Whose billows own'd th' Incarnate God,  
    And died in calm away.

5 Though swells the threatening tide  
    Mounting to heaven above,  
We know in whom our souls confide,  
    And fearless trust His love.

6 Snatch'd from a darker deep,  
    And waves of wilder foam,  
Thou, Lord, our trusting souls shalt keep  
    And waft them safely home;

7 Home where no tempests sound,  
    Nor angry waters roar,  
Nor troublous billows heave around  
    Th' eternal, peaceful shore.

HYMN

214.

III. 5.

1 O **D** the Lord a King remaineth,  
**R**obed in His own glorious light ;  
**G**od hath robed Him, and He reigneth ;  
**H**e hath girded Him with might :  
**H**allelujah !  
**G**od is King in depth and height.

2 Lord ! the water-floods have lifted,  
 Ocean-floods have raised their roar,  
 Now they pause where they have drifted,  
 Now they burst upon the shore :  
 Hallelujah !  
 From the ocean's sounding store.

3 With all tones of waters blending  
 Glorious is the breaking deep ;  
 Glorious, beauteous without ending,  
 God who reigns on heaven's high steep.  
 Hallelujah !  
 Songs of ocean never sleep.

4 Lord ! the words Thy lips are telling  
 Are the perfect verity ;  
 Of Thine high, eternal dwelling  
 Holiness shall inmate be :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Pure is all that lives with Thee.

## FUNERALS.

HYMN

215.

L. M.

**A** SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !  
 From which none ever wakes to weep ;  
 A calm and undisturbed repose,  
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus, oh ! how sweet,  
 To be for such a slumber meet ;  
 With holy confidence to sing  
 That death hath lost its painful sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !  
 Whose waking is supremely blest ;  
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus, oh ! for me  
 May such a blissful refuge be ;  
 Securely shall my ashes lie,  
 Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee  
 Thy kindred and their graves may be ;  
 But there is still a blessed sleep,  
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

HYMN

216.

C. M.

**N**OT for the pious dead we weep ;  
 Their sorrows now are o'er ;  
 The sea is calm, the tempest past,  
 On that eternal shore.

2 Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,  
 Within that better home ;  
 Awhile we weep and linger here,  
 Then follow to the tomb.

3 And though no visioned dream of bliss,  
 Nor trance of rapture show  
 Where, on the bosom of their God,  
 They rest from human woe ;

4 Jesus ! our shadowy path illume,  
 And teach the chastened mind  
 To welcome all that's left of good,  
 To all that's lost resigned.

HYMN

217.

S. M.

SERVANT of God, well done !  
 Thy glorious warfare's past ;  
 The battle's fought, the race is won,  
 And thou art crowned at last.

2 In condescending love,  
 Thy ceaseless prayer He heard ;  
 And bade thee suddenly remove  
 To thy complete reward.

3 With saints enthroned on high,  
 Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,  
 And still to God salvation cry —  
 Salvation to the Lamb !

4 O happy, happy soul !  
 Henceforth, whate'er thy place,  
 Long as eternal ages roll,  
 To see thy Saviour's face.

5 Redeemed from earth and pain,  
 Ah ! when shall we ascend,  
 And all in Jesus' presence reign  
 With our translated friend ?

HYMN

218.

III. 1.

**T**HREE in peace his dust is laid,  
 Jesus watches o'er his bed ;  
 There in certain hope to lie  
 Till the trumpet shakes the sky.

2 Once more safe ; the race is run !  
 Bright and brighter was the sun,  
 Till the shining noon-day glowed  
 O'er the pilgrim's heavenward road.

3 Yet a few more changing days,  
 Winter's cold, and sun's bright rays ;  
 Yet a few more flowers to dress  
 Earth's prolific wilderness !

4 Then from the believer's tomb  
 Light of heaven shall chase the gloom,  
 While the charnel-house shall shake ;  
 First the dead in Christ shall wake.

5 Glorious hour ! though sons of men  
 Know not how and know not when,  
 Lord ! 'tis thine to choose the day,  
 Ours to wait, and watch, and pray.

HYMN

219.

P. M.

THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,  
 Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb ;  
 The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals before thee,  
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion forsaking,  
 What though thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long :  
 The sunshine of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,  
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,  
 For God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide :  
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee ;  
 And death hath no sting, for the Saviour hath died.

HYMN

220.

III. 1.

“ **S**PIRIT, leave thy house of clay ;  
 Ling’ring dust, resign thy breath ;  
 Spirit, cast thy chains away ;  
 Dust, be thou dissolv’d in death ! ”  
 Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,  
 While the faithful Christian dies ;  
 Thus the bonds of life he breaks,  
 And the ransom’d captive flies.

2 “ Prisoner, long detain’d below,  
 Prisoner, now with freedom blest,  
 Welcome from a world of woe ;  
 Welcome to a land of rest : ”  
 Thus the choir of angels sing,  
 As they bear the soul on high,  
 While with hallelujahs ring  
 All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave ! the guardian of our dust,  
 Grave ! the garner of the skies,  
 Every relic in thy trust  
 Rests in hope again to rise !  
 Hark ! the judgment trumpet calls —  
 “ Soul, rebuild thy house of clay ;  
 Immortality thy walls,  
 And eternity thy day.”

HYMN

221.

S. M.

**T**HE voice at midnight came ;  
 He started up to hear ;  
**A** mortal arrow pierc’d his frame,  
 He fell, but felt no fear.

2 Tranquil amid alarms,  
 It found him on the field,  
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,  
 Beneath his red-cross shield.

3 At midnight came the cry,  
 "To meet thy God prepare!"  
 He woke—and caught his Captain's eye,  
 Then strong in faith and prayer,

4 His spirit with a bound,  
 Left its encumbering clay;  
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,  
 A darkened ruin lay.

5 The pains of death are past,  
 Labour and sorrow cease;  
 And life's long warfare clos'd at last,  
 His soul is found in peace.

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 INVITATION.

HYMN

222.

III. 5.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 And His heart with love runs o'er;  
 He is able,  
 He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome ;  
 God's free bounty glorify ;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings you nigh,  
 Without money,  
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger ;  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream :  
 All the fitness He requireth  
 Is to feel your need of Him :  
 This He gives you,  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Lost and ruined by the fall,  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all ;  
 Not the righteous,  
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies ;  
 On the bloody tree behold Him !  
 Hear Him cry, before He dies,  
 It is finish'd !  
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending  
 Pleads the merit of His blood ;  
 Venture on Him — venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude ;  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
 While the blissful courts of heaven  
 Sweetly echo with His name ;  
 Hallelujah !  
 Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN                    223.                    III. 5.

**C**OME, ye souls, by sin afflicted,  
 Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down ;  
 By the perfect law convicted,  
 Through the cross behold the crown !  
 Look to Jesus,  
 Mercy flows from Him alone.

2 Take His easy yoke, and wear it,  
 Love will make obedience sweet ;  
 Christ will give you strength to bear it,  
 While His wisdom guides your feet  
 Safe to glory,  
 Where His ransom'd captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,  
 Light to newly opened eyes,  
 Or full springs in deserts dreary,  
 Is the rest the cross supplies :  
 All who taste it  
 Shall to joys immortal rise.

HYMN                    224.                    C. M.

**L**O ! Jesus stands with open arms ;  
**L**He calls, He bids you come :  
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,  
 But see, there yet is room.

2 O come, and with His children taste  
     The blessings of His love ;  
 While hope attends the sweet repast  
     Of nobler joys above.

3 There, with united heart and voice,  
     Before th' eternal throne,  
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
     In ecstacies unknown.

4 And yet ten thousand thousand more  
     Are welcome still to come :  
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;  
     Oh ! come, there yet is room.

## HYMN

## 225.

## L. M.

**B**EHOLD a stranger at the door !  
 He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
 Has waited long — is waiting still ;  
 You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely Visitor ! He stands  
     With melting heart and bleeding hands :  
 O matchless kindness, for He shows  
     This matchless kindness to his foes !

3 But will He prove my friend indeed ?  
     He will ; the very friend you need ;  
 The Friend of sinners — yes, 'tis He,  
     With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;  
     Turn out His enemy and thine,  
 That soul-destroying monster, sin,  
     And let the heavenly Stranger in.

HYMN

226.

II. 6.

COME unto Christ, ye weary,  
 And He will give you rest;  
 Like the belov'd disciple,  
 Come, lean upon His breast;  
 There, free from every sorrow,  
 Come, and forget your care;  
 For sin shall ne'er o'ercome you,  
 Nor grief oppress you there.

2 Hear what the Lord hath spoken,  
 Your great, unchanging Friend,  
 Whose word can ne'er be broken,  
 Whose love shall never end;  
 Whoe'er my word receiving,  
 Comes, without fear or doubt,  
 Repenting and believing,  
 "I will not cast him out!"

3 Say not, ye are too evil  
 So great a boon to crave;  
 'Twas sinners, not the righteous,  
 He stooped from heaven to save;  
 Then come, ye heavy-laden!  
 From all your sorrows cease;  
 Come, rest upon His promise,  
 Believe, and be at peace.

HYMN

227.

P. M.

STRIVE, for the way is strait  
 In which the Saviour trod,  
 And narrow is the gate  
 That leadeth up to God.

Cut off th' offending hand,  
 Pluck out th' offending eye ;  
 Turn ye at God's command :  
 Sinners, why will ye die ?

2 Strive, for there are but few  
 Who find the living way,  
 And why, alas ! will you  
 Still blindly go astray ?  
 O, shun the crowded gate,  
 Though wide it seem and fair,  
 'Twill bring you, soon or late,  
 To anguish and despair.

3 Strive, ere life's setting sun  
 Shall sink in thickest gloom :  
 Strive, night is coming on,  
 Ye hasten to the tomb.  
 Ask, mercy shall be given ;  
 Seek, as for hidden gold ;  
 Knock, and the Lord of heaven  
 The gates will wide unfold.

HYMN

228.

C. M.

COME, sinner, to the gospel feast ;  
 O, come without delay ;  
 For there is room in Jesus' breast  
 For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love  
 To save thy precious soul ;  
 Room in the Spirit's grace above  
 To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the church below  
 For that dear soul of thine ;  
 Room 'mid the white-robed throng that know  
 The depths of love divine !

4 There's room in heaven with those that bear  
 Bright harps and crowns of gold ;  
 And glorious palms of victory there,  
 And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around thy Father's board  
 For thee and thousands more ;  
 O, come and welcome to the Lord ;  
 Believe — obey — adore !

HYMN

229.

P. M.

WE'RE travelling home to heaven above,  
 To sing the Saviour's dying love ;  
 Millions have reached that blest abode,  
 Anointed kings and priests to God,  
 And millions more are on the road :  
 Will you go ?

2 We haste to see the bleeding Lamb,  
 In rapturous strain to praise His name ;  
 The crown of life we there shall wear,  
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,  
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share :  
 Will you go ?

3 We go to join the heavenly choir,  
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre ;  
 There saints and angels gladly sing  
 Hosanna to their God and King,  
 And make the heavenly arches ring :  
 Will you go ?

4 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,  
 In the blest house there still is room ;  
 The Lord is waiting to receive,  
 If thou wilt on Him now believe,  
 He will thy troubled soul relieve :  
 Will you go ?

HYMN

230.

III. 3.

“ MERCY, O Thou Son of David ! ”  
 Thus blind Bartimeus prayed ;  
 “ Others by Thy word are saved,  
 Now to me afford Thine aid.”

2 None to Jesus' feet would aid him,  
 But he call'd the louder still ;  
 Till the gracious Saviour bade him  
 “ Come, and ask Me what you will.”

3 “ Lord, remove this grievous blindness ;  
 Let my eyes behold the day ! ”  
 Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,  
 Followed Jesus in the way.

4 Oh ! methinks I hear him praising,  
 Telling forth to all around :  
 “ Friends, is not the grace amazing ?  
 What a Saviour I have found ! ”

5 “ Oh ! that all the blind but knew Him,  
 And would be advised by me !  
 Surely they would listen to Him,  
 He would cause them all to see.”

## P R A Y E R.

HYMN

231.

III. 1.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;  
 He Himself has bid thee pray,  
 Rise and ask without delay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,  
 Large petitions with thee bring ;  
 For His grace and power are such,  
 None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin :  
 Lord, remove this load of sin ;  
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
 Take possession of my breast ;  
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;  
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
 Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,  
 Every hour my strength renew ;  
 Let me live a life of faith,  
 Let me die Thy people's death.

## HYMN

## 232.

## C. M.

**A**UTHOR of good, to Thee we turn,  
 To Thee for help we fly;  
 Thine eye can all our wants discern,  
 Thy hand alone supply.

**2** O let Thy fear within us dwell,  
 Thy love our footsteps guide;  
 That love shall all vain loves expel,  
 That fear all fear beside.

**3** And since by passion's force subdued,  
 Too oft, with stubborn will,  
 We blindly shun the latent good,  
 And grasp the specious ill;

**4** Not to our wish, but to our want,  
 Do Thou Thy gifts supply;  
 The good, unask'd, in mercy grant,  
 The ill, though ask'd, deny.

## HYMN

## 233.

## L. M.

**F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,  
 From every swelling tide of woes,  
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

**2** There is a place where Jesus sheds  
 The oil of gladness on our heads,  
 A place than all besides more sweet;  
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Oh ! let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
Ere I forget the mercy-seat.

5 There, there, on eagle's wings we soar,  
And sense and sin molest no more ;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

## HYMN

## 234.

## P. M.

MY spirit longeth for Thee  
To dwell within my breast,  
Though I am all unworthy  
Of so divine a guest !

2 Of so divine a guest  
Unworthy though I be ;  
Yet hath my heart no rest  
Until it come to Thee !

3 Until it come to Thee,  
In vain I look around ;  
In all that I can see  
No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found  
But in Thy bleeding love :  
Oh ! let my wish be crown'd,  
And send it from above !

## HYMN

## 235.

## L. M.

O MIGHTY is the power of prayer,  
 The promise large and true ;  
 The feeblest heart need not despair  
 With these to bear it through.

2 Though darkest clouds o'ercast the sky,  
   Though deep call out to deep,  
 Pray, and behold the Saviour nigh,  
   To bless, to guide, to keep.

3 Therefore pray always, never faint,  
   Nor deem unheard your cry ;  
 The feeblest prayer of feeblest saint,  
   Brings answer from on high.

## HYMN

## 236.

## C. M.

Lord, teach us how to pray aright,  
 With reverence and with fear ;  
 Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,  
   We may, we must draw near :  
 We perish if we cease from prayer,  
   Oh ! grant us power to pray ;  
 And, when to meet Thee we prepare,  
   Lord, meet us by the way.

2 Burden'd with guilt, convinc'd of sin,  
   In weakness, want, and woe,  
 Fightings without, and fears within,  
   Lord, whither shall we go ?  
 God of all grace, we bring to Thee  
   The broken, contrite heart :  
 Give what Thine eye delights to see,  
   Truth in the inward part.

3 Give deep humility ; the sense  
 Of godly sorrow give ;  
 A strong desiring confidence  
 To see Thy face and live ;  
 Faith in the only sacrifice  
 That can for sin atone,  
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,  
 On Christ, on Christ alone ;

4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,  
 Though mercy long delay ;  
 Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
 And trust Thee, though Thou slay :  
 Give these, and then Thy will be done ;  
 Thus strengthened with all might,  
 We by Thy Spirit, through Thy Son,  
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

## HYMN

## 237.

## C. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet  
 In coming to a mercy-seat !  
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
 But wishes to be often there ?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
 Gives exercise to faith and love,  
 Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,  
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;  
 And Satan trembles when he sees  
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side ;  
But when through weariness they fail'd,  
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,  
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To Heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

## HYMN

## 238.

## II. 3.

Wrestling Jacob. — Genesis xxxii. 24-32.

## PART I.

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see !  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee :  
With Thee all night I mean to stay  
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am,  
My misery and sin declare ;  
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,  
Look on Thy hands and read it there ;  
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?  
Tell me Thy name and tell me now.

3 In vain Thou struggest to get free,  
 I never will unloose my hold !  
 Art thou the Man that died for me ?  
 The secret of Thy love unfold ;  
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
 Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal  
 Thy new, unutterable Name ?  
 Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell,  
 To know it now, resolv'd I am :  
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
 Till I Thy Name and Nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
 And murmur to contend so long ?  
 I rise superior to my pain :  
 When I am weak, then I am strong !  
 And when my all of strength shall fail,  
 I shall with the God-Man prevail.

## P A R T I I .

1 Yield to me now, for I am weak ;  
 But confident in self-despair :  
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak :  
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer ;  
 Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,  
 And tell me if Thy Name is Love.

2 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me :  
 I hear Thy whisper in my heart !  
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
 Pure, universal love Thou art :  
 To me, to all, Thy mercies move,  
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God : the grace  
 Unspeakable I now receive ;  
 Through faith I see Thee face to face ;  
 I see Thee face to face, and live !  
 In vain I have not wept and strove :  
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is love.

4 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,  
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend :  
 Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,  
 But stay and love me to the end ;  
 Thy mercies never shall remove ;  
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

5 The Sun of Righteousness on me  
 Hath ris'n, with healing in His wings ;  
 Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee  
 My soul its life and succour brings ;  
 My help is all laid up above ;  
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh  
 I halt till life's short journey end ;  
 All helplessness, all weakness, I  
 On Thee alone for strength depend ;  
 Nor have I power from Thee to move ;  
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;  
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;  
 I leap for joy, pursue my way ;  
 And as a bounding hart fly home ;  
 Through all eternity to prove  
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

## REPENTANCE.

HYMN

239.

L. M.

**S**HOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;  
 Let a repenting rebel live.  
 Are not Thy mercies large and free ?  
 May not a sinner trust in Thee ?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
 The power and glory of Thy grace ;  
 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound ;  
 So let Thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
 Here on my heart the burden lies,  
 And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
 Against Thy law, against Thy grace ;  
 And should Thy judgments grow severe,  
 I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.

5 Yet save the trembling sinner, Lord,  
 Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,  
 Would light on some sweet promise there,  
 Some sure support against despair.

HYMN

240.

S. M.

**O** LORD, how vile am I,  
 Unholy and unclean !  
 How can I dare to venture nigh  
 With such a load of sin ?

2 Myself can hardly bear  
 This wretched heart of mine ;  
 How hateful then it must appear  
 To those pure eyes of Thine !

3 And must I then indeed  
 Sink in despair and die ?  
 O no, since Thou didst come to bleed  
 For such a wretch as I.

4 That blood which Thou hast spilt,  
 That grace which is Thine own,  
 Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,  
 And soften hearts of stone.

5 Low at Thy feet I bow :  
 O, pity and forgive !  
 Here will I lie, and wait, till Thou  
 Shalt bid me rise, and live.

## HYMN

## 241.

## III. 1.

DEPTH of mercy ! can there be  
 Mercy still reserved for me ?  
 Can my God His wrath forbear ?  
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

2 I have long withheld His grace ;  
 Long provoked Him to His face ;  
 Would not hearken to His calls ;  
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are ;  
 Me He now delights to spare ;  
 Now my Father's mercies move,  
 Justice lingers into love.

4 Lo ! for me the Saviour stands ;  
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands ;  
 God is Love ! I know, I feel ;  
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

HYMN

242.

C. M.

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall  
 The wonders of Thy grace,  
 Low at Thy feet ashamed I fall,  
 And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like Thine be thus repaid ?  
 Ah, vile, ungrateful heart !  
 By earth's low cares so oft betray'd,  
 From Jesus to depart.

3 But He for His own mercy's sake,  
 My wandering soul restores ;  
 He bids the mourning heart partake  
 The pardon it implores.

4 Oh, while I breathe to Thee, my Lord,  
 The deep, repentant sigh,  
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word,  
 With pity in thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner at Thy feet  
 Rejoice to see Thy face,  
 And grateful own how kind, how sweet  
 Thy condescending grace.

## HYMN

## 243.

## III. 1.

DOES the Gospel word proclaim  
 Rest for those that weary be ?  
 Then, my soul, put in thy claim,  
 Sure that promise speaks to thee :  
 Marks of grace I cannot show,  
 All polluted is my best ;  
 But I weary am, I know,  
 And the weary long for rest.

2 Burdened with a load of sin,  
 Harassed with tormenting doubt,  
 Hourly conflicts from within,  
 Hourly crosses from without ;  
 All my little strength is gone,  
 Sink I must without supply ;  
 Sure upon the earth there's none  
 Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark the roving dove  
 Found a welcome resting-place ;  
 Thus my spirit longs to prove  
 Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace.  
 Tempest-toss'd I long have been,  
 And the flood increases fast ;  
 Open, Lord, and take me in,  
 Till the storm be overpast !

## HYMN

## 244.

## C. M.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus ! at Thy feet  
 A guilty rebel lies ;  
 And upward to the mercy-seat,  
 Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
 To pay the debt I owe,  
 Tears should from out my weeping eyes  
 In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead  
 To expiate my guilt ;  
 No tears, but those which Thou hast shed,  
 No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord !  
 And all my sins forgive ;  
 Justice will well approve the word  
 That bids the sinner live.

HYMN

245.

L. M.

MY God, when at Thy throne I bend,  
 And humbly sue for mercy there,  
 For me behold the sinner's Friend,  
 And for His sake receive my prayer.

2 Remember not my shame and guilt,  
 My thousand stains of deepest dye ;  
 Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,  
 And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 Remember not my doubts and fears,  
 My strivings with Thy grace divine ;  
 Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,  
 And let His merits stand for mine.

4 No claim, no worth, O Lord, I plead :  
 Thy free unbounded grace I crave ;  
 And oh ! if great my guilt and need,  
 The greater, Lord, Thy grace to save.

## HYMN

## 246.

## II. 3.

WEARY of wandering from my God,  
 And now made willing to return,  
 I hear, and bow me to the rod :  
 Yet not in hopeless grief I mourn ;  
 I have an Advocate above,  
 A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
 More full of grace than I of sin,  
 Yet once again I seek Thy face,  
 Open Thine arms and take me in !  
 O Lord, my sore backslidings heal,  
 And all Thy quenchless love reveal.

3 Thou know'st my bands of sin to break,  
 My fallen spirit to restore ;  
 O, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more :  
 The ruins of my soul repair,  
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

## HYMN

## 247.

## C. M.

THE winds were howling o'er the deep,  
 Each wave a watery hill ;  
 The Saviour wakened from his sleep :  
 He spake, and all was still.

2 The madman in a tomb had made  
 His mansion of despair ;  
 Woe to the traveller who stray'd  
 With heedless footsteps there.

3 He met that glance so thrilling sweet,  
 He heard those accents mild ;  
 And melting at Messiah's feet,  
 Wept like a weaned child.

4 Oh, madder than the raving man !  
 Oh, deafer than the sea !  
 How long the time since Christ began  
 To call in vain to me !

5 Yet could I hear him once again,  
 As I have heard of old,  
 Methinks He should not call in vain  
 His wanderer to the fold.

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## FAITH.

HYMN

248.

P. M.

A MOUNTAIN fastness is our God,  
 On which our souls are planted :  
 And though the fierce foe rage abroad  
 Our hearts are nothing daunted.

What though he beset,  
 With weapon and net,  
 Array'd in death-strife ?  
 In God are help and life :  
 He is our sword and armour.

2 By our own might we nought can do ;  
 To trust it were sure losing ;  
 For us must fight the Right and True,  
 The Man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask for His name ?  
 Christ Jesus we claim ;  
 The Lord God of Hosts ;  
 The only God : — vain boasts  
 Of others fall before Him.

3 What though the troops of Satan fill'd  
 The world with hostile forces ?  
 E'en then our fears should all be still'd :  
 In God are our resources.

The world and its king  
 No terrors can bring :  
 Their threats are no worth :  
 Their doom is now gone forth :  
 A single word can quell them.

4 God's Word through all shall have free sway,  
 And ask no man's permission :  
 The Spirit and His gifts convey  
 Strength to defy perdition.  
 The body to kill,  
 Wife, children, at will,  
 The wicked have power :  
 Yet lasts it but an hour !  
 The Kingdom's ours forever !

HYMN

249.

L. M.

W<sup>H</sup>O shall the Lord's elect condemn ?  
 'Tis God that justifies their souls,  
 And mercy, like a mighty stream,  
 O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge His saints to hell ?  
 'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead ;  
 And their infernal foes to quell,  
 Behold Him rising from the dead !

3 He lives ! He lives ! and sits above,  
 Forever interceding there,  
 Who shall divide us from His love ?  
 Or what shall tempt us to despair ?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,  
 Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?  
 He that hath lov'd us, bears us through,  
 And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power,  
 It triumphs in the dying hour ;  
 Christ is our life, our hope, our joy,  
 Nor death nor hell can us destroy.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,  
 Nor powers on high, nor powers below,  
 Shall cause His mercy to remove,  
 Or separate us from His love.

HYMN                    250.                    L. M.

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
 'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise  
 To take my mansion in the skies,  
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
 "Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 This spotless robe the same appears  
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;  
 No age can change its glorious hue ;  
 The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 Oh ! let the dead now hear Thy voice ;  
 Bid, Lord, Thy banish'd ones rejoice :  
 Our beauty this, our glorious dress,  
 Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

## HYMN

## 251.

## L. M.

**N**O more, my God, I boast no more  
 Of all the duties I have done ;  
 I quit the hopes I held before,  
 To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear His name,  
 What was my gain, I count my loss ;  
 My former pride I call my shame,  
 And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes ; and I must and will esteem  
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake :  
 O may my soul be found in Him,  
 And of His righteousness partake !

4 The best obedience of my hands  
 Dares not appear before Thy throne ;  
 But faith can answer Thy demands,  
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN

252.

L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
 His track I see, and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way till Him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
 The road that leads from banishment ;  
 The King's highway of holiness  
 I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
 And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
 My grief, my burden long has been,  
 In that I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove with sin, the more  
 I felt the guilty weight I bore,  
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come ; and Thou, blest Lamb !  
 Shalt take me, for Thine own I am !  
 Nothing but sin have I to give,  
 Nothing but love can me receive.

HYMN

253.

II. 3.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,  
 Thou all-sufficient love divine,  
 My help and refuge from my foes,  
 Secure I am while Thou art mine :  
 And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,  
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

2 Jesus, my all in all Thou art ;  
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;  
 The balm to heal my broken heart ;  
 In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;  
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;  
 In shame, my glory and my crown.

3 In want, my plentiful supply ;  
 In weakness, my almighty power ;  
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;  
 My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;  
 My joy, when coming griefs appal ;  
 My life in death, my all in all.

## HYMN

## 254.

## II. 4.

JESUS, at Thy command,  
 I launch into the deep,  
 And leave my native land,  
 Where sin lulls all to sleep.  
 For thee I would the world resign,  
 And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise,  
 My compass is Thy word :  
 My soul each storm defies,  
 While I have such a Lord ;  
 I'll trust Thy faithfulness and power  
 To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep  
 Through all my passage lie,  
 Yet Christ will safely keep,  
 And guide me with His eye :  
 My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,  
 And I shall ev'ry storm outride.

4 And, if becalm'd I lie,  
 And storms forbear to toss,  
 Be Thou, O Lord, still nigh,  
 Lest I should suffer loss ;  
 For more the treach'rous calm I dread,  
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

5 By faith I see the land,  
 The port of endless rest ;  
 My soul, thy sails expand,  
 And fly to Jesus' breast !  
 O may I reach the heavenly shore  
 Where winds and waves affright no more.

## HYMN

## 255.

## II. 1.

O THOU who hear'st the prayer of faith,  
 Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,  
 That casts itself on Thee ?  
 I have no refuge of my own,  
 But fly to what my God hath done,  
 And suffered ev'n for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,  
 His spotless righteousness I plead,  
 And His availing blood ;  
 That righteousness my robe shall be,  
 That merit shall atone for me,  
 And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,  
 The Spirit of adoption breathe,  
 His consolations send ;  
 By Him some word of life impart,  
 And sweetly whisper to my heart,  
 " Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be  
 A welcome messenger to me,  
 To bid me come away ;  
 Unloosed from earth, and earthly things,  
 I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,  
 To everlasting day.

HYMN

256.

C. M.

H EALER Divine, O hear our prayer ;  
 We wait to feel Thy touch ;  
 Sin-wounded souls to Thee repair,  
 And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess ;  
 Feebly we trust Thy word ;  
 But wilt Thou pity us the less ?  
 Be that far from Thee, Lord.

3 Him Thou didst hear who once applied,  
 With trembling for relief :  
 "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried ;  
 "Help Thou mine unbelief."

4 She who to touch Thee, in the press,  
 Trembling behind Thee stole,  
 Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,  
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Like these, with hopes and fears we pray  
 To hear the gracious word ;  
 Oh ! give us faith, nor send away  
 One soul unheal'd, dear Lord.

## HYMN

## 257.

## II. 3.

O LOVE, thou fathomless abyss !  
 My sins are swallow'd up in Thee ;  
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness ;  
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,  
 While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
 Mercy — free, boundless mercy — cries.

2 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,  
 Though heart may fail, and flesh decay ;  
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
 When earth's foundations melt away ;  
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
 Loved with an everlasting love.

## HYMN

## 258.

## II. 3.

PEACE, doubting heart, my God's I am ;  
 Who form'd me man forbids my fear ;  
 The Lord hath call'd me by my name ;  
 The Lord protects, forever near :  
 His blood for me did once atone,  
 And still He loves and guards His own.

2 When passing through the watery deep,  
 By Him I trust me to be led ;  
 The waves an awful distance keep,  
 And shrink from my devoted head :  
 Fearless their violence I dare ;  
 They cannot harm, for God is there !

3 To Him mine eye of faith I turn,  
 And through the fire pursue my way ;  
 The fire forgets its power to burn,  
 The lambent flames around me play ;  
 I own His power, accept the sign,  
 And joy to prove the Saviour mine.

## HYMN

## 259.

## C. M.

**F**OREVER here my rest shall be,  
 Close to Thy bleeding side ;  
 This all my hope, and all my plea,  
 "For me the Saviour died."

2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
 Fountain for guilt and sin,  
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;  
 Wash me, and mine Thou art :  
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,  
 Till faith to sight improve ;  
 Till hope in full fruition die,  
 And all my soul be love.

## HYMN

## 260.

## S. M.

**N**OW to thine altar, Lord,  
 A broken heart I bring,  
 And wilt Thou graciously accept  
 Of such a worthless thing ?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,  
 My faith directs her eyes ;  
 All other offerings are vain,  
 But not His sacrifice.

3 That moment He expired,  
 The law was satisfied,  
 And now to its severest curse  
 I answer, "Jesus died."

HYMN

261.

P. M.

**J**ESUS, my Saviour, look on me !  
 For I am weary and opprest ;  
 I come to cast myself on Thee ;  
 Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak ;  
 I feel the toilsome journey's length ;  
 Thine aid omnipotent I seek ;  
 Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way ;  
 Dark and tempestuous is the night ;  
 Oh ! shed Thou forth some cheering ray ;  
 Thou art my Light.

4 I hear the storms around me rise,  
 But, when I dread th' impending shock,  
 My spirit to her refuge flies ;  
 Thou art my Rock.

5 When the accuser flings his darts,  
 I look to Thee — my terrors cease ;  
 Thy cross a hiding-place imparts ;  
 Thou art my Peace.

6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
 In that tremendous, latest strife,  
 Thou wilt not suffer me to sink ;  
 Thou art my Life.

7 Thou wilt my every want supply,  
 Even to the end, whate'er befall ;  
 Through life, in death, eternally,  
 Thou art my All.

HYMN

262.

P. M.

“Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.”

JUST as I am — without one plea,  
 But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am — and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot —  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am — though tossed about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 With fears within, and foes without —  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind —  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
 Because Thy promise I believe —  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am — thy love unknown,  
 Has broken every barrier down :  
 Now to be thine, yea, Thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

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## HOPE.

HYMN

263.

II. 1.

O H come, my partners in distress,  
 My comrades in the wilderness,  
 Who bear your burdens still ;  
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
 And look beyond this vale of tears  
 To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
 Look forward to that heavenly place,  
 The saints' secure abode ;  
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
 And force your passage to the skies,  
 And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
 We shall before his face appear,  
 And by his side sit down :  
 To patient faith the prize is sure ;  
 And all that to the end endure  
 The cross, shall wear the crown.

HYMN

264.

S. M.

THY way is in the sea ;  
 Thy paths we cannot trace ;  
 Nor solve, O Lord, the mystery  
 Of Thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of sense  
 Our captive souls surround ;  
 Mysterious deeps of providence  
 Our wondering thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass we see  
 The wonders of Thy love ;  
 How little do we know of Thee,  
 Or of the joys above !

4 In part we know Thy will,  
 And bless Thee for the sight :  
 Soon will Thy love the rest reveal  
 In glory's clearer light.

5 With joy shall we survey  
 Thy providence and grace ;  
 And spend an everlasting day  
 And see Thee face to face.

HYMN

265.

L. M.

O ZION, when we muse on thee,  
 We long for pinions like the dove ;  
 And mourn to think that we should be  
 So distant from the land we love.

2 While here we walk on hostile ground,  
 The few that we can call our friends  
 Are, like ourselves, with fetters bound ;  
 And weariness our steps attends.

3 But yet, we hope to see the day  
 When Zion's children shall return ;  
 When all our griefs shall pass away,  
 And we no more again shall mourn.

4 The thought that such a day shall come  
 Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet ;  
 Though now we wander far from home,  
 In Zion, soon we all shall meet.

HYMN

266.

L. M.

WHAT sinners value I resign ;  
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;  
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,  
 And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
 But the bright world to which I go,  
 Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
 When shall I wake and find me there ?

3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
 I shall be near and like my God,  
 And flesh and sense no more control  
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN

267.

C. M.

GOD ! my supporter and my hope,  
 My help forever near,  
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
 When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord ! shall guide my feet  
 Through all this desert place ;  
 Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,  
 To dwell before Thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,  
 'Twould be no joy to me ;  
 And while this earth is my abode,  
 I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
 And flesh and heart should faint ?  
 God is my soul's eternal rock,  
 The strength of every saint.

5 Yea, to draw near to Thee, my God !  
 Shall be my sweet employ :  
 My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,  
 And tell the world my joy.

HYMN

268.

P. M.

**S**OOON and forever !  
 Such promise our trust,  
 Though ashes to ashes,  
 And dust unto dust.  
 Soon and forever  
 Our union shall be  
 Made perfect, our glorious  
 Redeemer, in Thee.  
 When the sins and the sorrows  
 Of time shall be o'er ;  
 Its pangs and its partings  
 Remember'd no more ;

When life cannot fail,  
 And when death cannot sever,  
 Christians with Christ shall be,  
 Soon and forever.

## 2 Soon and forever

The breaking of day  
 Shall drive all the night-clouds  
 Of sorrow away.  
 Soon and forever,  
 We'll see as we're seen,  
 And learn the deep meaning  
 Of things that have been ;  
 When fightings without us,  
 And fears from within,  
 Shall weary no more  
 In the warfare of sin.  
 Where tears and where fears,  
 And where death shall be never,  
 Christians with Christ shall be  
 Soon and forever.

## HYMN

## 269.

## II. 1.

O H, glorious hope of perfect love !  
 It lifts me up to things above ;  
 It bears on eagles' wings ;  
 It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,  
 And makes me for a moment feast  
 With Christ, His priests, and kings.

## 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope

I stand, and from the mountain-top

See all the land below ;

Rivers of milk and honey rise,

And all the fruits of Paradise

In endless plenty grow :

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
 Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,  
     With ev'ry blessing blest;  
 There dwells the Lord our righteousness,  
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
     And everlasting rest.

HYMN                    270.                    C. M.

MY Saviour, on the word of truth,  
 In earnest hope I live!  
 I ask for all the precious things  
     Thy boundless love can give,  
 I look for many a lesser light  
     About my path to shine;  
 But chiefly long to walk with Thee,  
     And only trust in Thine.

2 Thou knowest that I am not blest  
     As Thou would'st have me be,  
 Till all the peace and joy of faith  
     Possess my soul in Thee;  
 And still I seek 'mid many fears,  
     With yearnings unexpress'd,  
 The comfort of Thy strengthening love,  
     Thy soothing, settling rest.

3 It is not as Thou wilt with me  
     Till, humbled in the dust,  
 I know no place in all my heart  
     Wherein to put my trust.  
 Until I find, O Lord! in Thee,  
     The lowly and the meek,  
 That fulness which Thy own redeem'd  
     Go nowhere else to seek.

4 Then, O my Saviour ! on my soul,  
 Cast down but not dismay'd,  
 Still be Thy chastening, healing hand  
 In tender mercy laid :  
 And while I wait for all Thy joys  
 My yearning heart to fill,  
 Teach me to walk and work with Thee,  
 And at Thy feet sit still.

HYMN

271.

S. M.

GIVE to the winds thy fears ;  
 G Hope, and be undismay'd ;  
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,  
 God shall lift up thy head ;  
 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
 He gently clears thy way ;  
 Wait thou His time, so shall this night  
 Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart ?  
 Still is thy spirit faint ?  
 Cast off the weight, — let fear depart,  
 Each care and each complaint.  
 What though thou rulest not,  
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,  
 Proclaim, — God sitteth on the throne,  
 And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to His sov'reign sway  
 To choose and to command :  
 So shalt thou, wond'ring, own His way,  
 How wise, how strong His hand !  
 Far, far above thy thought  
 His counsel shall appear,  
 When fully He the work hath wrought  
 That caus'd thy needless fear.

## LOVE.

HYMN

272.

C. M.

**J**ESUS ! the very thought of Thee  
 With sweetness fills my breast ;  
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
 And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find,  
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
 O Saviour of mankind !

3 O hope of every contrite heart,  
 O joy of all the meek,  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art !  
 How good to those who seek !

4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is,  
 None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus ! our only joy be Thou,  
 As Thou our prize shalt be ;  
 Jesus ! be Thou our glory now,  
 And through eternity.

HYMN

273.

C. M.

**M**Y God, I love Thee ! not because  
 I hope for heaven thereby :  
 Nor yet because, if I love not  
 I must forever die.

2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
 Upon the cross embrace :  
 For me didst bear the nails and spear  
 And manifold disgrace ;

3 And griefs and torments numberless ;  
 And sweat of agony ;  
 E'en death itself ; and all for one  
 Who was thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ !  
 Should I not love Thee well ;  
 Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
 Or of escaping hell ;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught ;  
 Not seeking a reward ;  
 But, as Thyself hast loved me,  
 O ever-loving Lord !

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
 And in Thy praise will sing ;  
 Solely because Thou art my God,  
 And my eternal King.

HYMN

274.

C. M.

**H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ear !  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast ;  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And for the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding-place ;  
 My never-failing treasury fill'd  
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
 Although with sin defil'd ;  
 Satan accuses me in vain,  
 And I am own'd a child.

5 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought :  
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim,  
 With every fleeting breath ;  
 And may the music of Thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

## HYMN            275.            III. 1.

HARK ! my soul ! it is the Lord ;  
 'Tis thy Saviour—hear His word ;  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?"

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,  
 And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound ;  
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care  
 Cease toward the child she bare ?  
 Yes, she may forgetful be,  
 Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above,  
 Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
 When the work of grace is done ;  
 Partner of My throne shalt be ;  
 Say, poor sinner ! lov'st thou Me ?"

6 Lord ! it is my chief complaint,  
 That my love is weak and faint ;  
 Yet I love Thee, and adore ;  
 Oh ! for grace to love Thee more.

## HYMN

## 276.

## II. 3.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows,  
 I see from far Thy beauteous light ;  
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose :  
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
 At rest, till rest it find in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
 That strives with Thee my heart to share ?  
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,  
 The Lord of every motion there ;  
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I  
 No more, but Christ in me, may live ;  
 My vile affections crucify,  
 Nor let one darling lust survive ;  
 In all things, nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire or seek, but Thee.

4 O Love, Thy sov'reign aid impart,  
 To save me from low-thoughted care ;  
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
 Through all its latent mazes there :  
 Make me Thy dutious child, that I,  
 Ceaseless, may Abba, Father, cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart that lowly waits Thy call ;  
 Speak to my inmost soul and say,  
 I am Thy love, Thy God, Thy all !  
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

## HYMN

## 277.

## C. M.

DO not I love Thee, O my Lord ?  
 Behold my heart and see ;  
 And turn each hateful idol out,  
 That dares to rival Thee.

2 Do not I love Thee, from my soul ?  
 Then let me nothing love :  
 Dead be my heart to every joy  
 When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not Thy name melodious still  
 To mine attentive ear ?  
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,  
 My Saviour's voice to hear ?

4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock,  
 I would disdain to feed ?  
 Hast Thou a foe before whose face  
 I fear 'Thy cause to plead ?

5 Would not my ardent spirit vie  
 With angels round the throne,  
 To execute Thy sacred will  
 And make Thy glory known ?

6 Thou knowest, yea, Thou knowest, Lord ;  
 Yet, oh ! I long to soar  
 Far from the sphere of mortal joy,  
 And learn to love Thee more.

## HYMN

## 278.

## III. 3.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,  
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;  
 Live in us Thy humble dwelling,  
 All Thy faithful mercies crown.  
 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;  
 Visit us with Thy salvation,  
 Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, oh ! breathe Thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast !  
 Let us all Thy peace inherit,  
 Let us find Thy promised rest.

Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve Thee as Thine host above ;  
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in Thy boundless love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,  
 Pure and spotless let us be ;  
 Let us see our whole salvation  
 Perfectly restored in Thee.  
 Changed from glory unto glory,  
 Till in heaven our songs we raise ;  
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN

279.

II. 1.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art !  
 When shall I find my willing heart  
 All taken up in Thee ?  
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
 The greatness of redeeming Love,  
 The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell ;  
 Its riches are unsearchable ;  
 The first-born sons of light  
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;  
 They cannot reach the mystery,  
 The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God ;  
 O that it now were shed abroad  
 In this poor stony heart !  
 For this I sigh ; for Thee I pine ;  
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
 Be mine the better part !

4 O might I ever have my seat,  
Like Mary at the Master's feet !  
    Be this my happy choice ;  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
    To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

5 O that I could, with favor'd John,  
Recline my weary head upon  
    The dear Redeemer's breast ;  
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord ! to find in Thee  
    My everlasting rest !

HYMN

280.

L. M.

**G**OD of my life, through all its days  
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise,  
The song shall wake with opening light,  
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all its powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And look the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But oh ! when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise,  
To join the music of the skies !

5 The cheerful tribute will I give,  
 Long as a deathless soul can live ;  
 A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
 Demands and crowns eternity !

HYMN

281.

C. M.

JESUS ! I love Thy charming name,  
 'Tis music to mine ear ;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
 That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes ! Thou art precious to my soul,  
 My transport and my trust ;  
 Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,  
 And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
 In Thee doth richly meet ;  
 Not to mine eyes is light so dear,  
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
 And sheds its fragrance there ;  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name,  
 With my last lab'ring breath ;  
 Then speechless rest me in Thine arms,  
 And find my life in death.

HYMN

282.

S. M.

MY God, my Life, my Love,  
 To Thee, to Thee I call ;  
 I cannot live if Thou remove,  
 For Thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer  
 This dungeon where I dwell ;  
 'Tis paradise when Thou art here ;  
 If Thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 To Thee, and Thee alone,  
 The angels owe their bliss ;  
 They sit around Thy gracious throne,  
 And dwell where Jesus is.

4 Not all the harps above  
 Can make a heavenly place,  
 If God His presence but remove,  
 Or but conceal His face.

5 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
 Can one delight afford,  
 No, not a ray to cheer mine eye,  
 Without Thy light, O Lord.

6 Thou art the sea of love,  
 Where all my pleasures roll ;  
 The circle where my passions move,  
 And centre of my soul.

## HYMN

## 283.

## III. 1.

**G**REAT High-priest, who deign'dst to be  
 Once the sacrifice for me,  
 Take this living heart of mine,  
 Lay it on Thy holy shrine.

2 Love, I know, accepteth nought,  
 Save what Thou, O Love, hast wrought ;  
 Offer Thou my sacrifice,  
 Else to God it cannot rise.

3 Slay in me the wayward will,  
 Earthly sense and passion kill ;  
 Tear self-love from out my heart,  
 Let me choose the better part.

4 Mighty Love, the flame inspire,  
 Quick consume me in Thy fire ;  
 Fain were I of self bereft,  
 Naught but Thee within me left.

## HYMN

## 284.

## C. M.

**O**UR God is love ; and all His saints  
 His image bear below ;  
 The heart with love to God inspired  
 With love to man will glow.

2 O may we love each other, Lord,  
 As we are loved of Thee !  
 For none are truly born of God,  
 Who live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,  
 Our hopes and fears the same,  
 The cords of love our hearts shall join,  
 The law of love inflame.

4 So shall the vain contentious world  
 Our peaceful lives approve ;  
 And, wondering say, as they of old,  
 " See how these Christians love."

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## PRAISE.

HYMN

285.

C. M.

**C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs  
 With angels round the throne ;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.

2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
 " To be exalted thus ;"  
 " Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
 " For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and power divine ;  
 And blessings, more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
 And air, and earth, and seas,  
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
 And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,  
 To bless the glorious Name  
 Of Him that sitteth on the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN

286.

C. M.

**A** LL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
 Let angels prostrate fall ;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown Him — Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
 Who from the Altar call ;  
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
 And crown Him — Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,  
 Whom David, Lord did call ;  
 The God incarnate ! Man divine !  
 And crown Him — Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 And crown Him — Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,  
 The wormwood and the gall,  
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
 And crown Him — Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him — Lord of all.

7 Oh, that with yonder shining throng,  
We at His feet may fall ;  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him — Lord of all.

## HYMN

## 287.

## L. M.

**M**Y God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
Till glory wake a loftier song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty, done for Thee.

3 Let distant times and nations raise  
The blest succession of Thy praise,  
And unborn ages still prolong  
The joy and burden of the song.

4 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds !  
Thy greatness all my thoughts exceeds :  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,  
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

## HYMN

## 288.

## III. 5.

**A** LLELUIA ! best and sweetest  
A Of the hymns of praise above !  
Alleluia ! thou repeatest,  
Angel host, these notes of love !  
This ye utter  
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Alleluia ! church victorious,  
 Join the concert of the sky !  
 Alleluia ! bright and glorious,  
 Lift, ye saints, this strain on high !  
 We poor exiles  
 Join not yet your melody.

3 Alleluia ! strains of gladness  
 Suit not souls with anguish torn :  
 Alleluia ! sounds of sadness  
 Best become our state forlorn :  
 Our offences  
 We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,  
 Holy God, we raise to Thee ;  
 Visit us with Thy salvation,  
 Make us all Thy joys to see !  
 Alleluia !  
 Ours at length this strain shall be !

## HYMN

## 289.

## III. 3.

Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;  
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
 Unto Thee be glory given,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !  
 Heaven is still with anthems ringing :  
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,  
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High !"

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,  
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,  
 While our thoughts His greatness raises,  
 And our love His gifts excite.

With His seraph train before Him,  
 With his Holy church below,  
 Thus unite we to adore Him,  
 Bid we thus our anthems flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;  
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
 Unto Thee be glory given,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !  
 Thus, Thy glorious name confessing,  
 We adopt the angel's cry,  
 "Holy, holy, holy"—blessing  
 Thee, the Lord our God most High !

## HYMN

## 290.

## L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,  
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
 He justly claims a song from thee ;  
 His loving-kindness, O ! how free !

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;  
 He saved me from my lost estate ;  
 His loving-kindness, O ! how great !

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
 He safely leads my soul along ;  
 His loving-kindness, O ! how strong !

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood ;  
 His loving-kindness, O ! how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Saviour to depart ;  
 But though I oft have Him forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
 O may my last expiring breath,  
 His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away,  
 To the bright world of endless day ;  
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN

291.

P. M.

COME, Thou almighty King,  
 Help us Thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise !  
 Father all glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come and reign over us,  
 Ancient of days.

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
 Gird on Thy mighty sword ;  
 Our prayer attend ;  
 Come, and Thy people bless ;  
 Come, give Thy word success ;  
 Spirit of holiness,  
 On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear,  
 In this glad hour :  
 Thou, who almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power.

4 To Thee, great one in Three,  
 The highest praises be,  
 Hence evermore ;  
 Thy sov'reign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore.

---

## J O Y.

HYMN

292.

C. M.

**M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights !

2 In darkest shades if He appear,  
 My dawning is begun ;  
 He is my soul's bright morning star,  
 And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 While Jesus shows His heart is mine,  
 And whispers, I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
     At that transporting word;  
 Run up with joy the shining way,  
     T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
     I'd break through every foe;  
 The wings of love and arms of faith  
     Should bear me conqueror through.

## HYMN

## 293.

S. M.

**N**OW let our voices join  
     To form a sacred song;  
 Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,  
     With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,  
     How open and how fair!  
 No lurking pitfalls for our feet;  
     No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of paradise  
     In rich profusion spring;  
 The Sun of glory gilds the path,  
     And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires  
     In beauteous prospect rise;  
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear  
     Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honour to His name,  
     Who marks the shining way;  
 To Him, who leads the wanderer on  
     To realms of endless day.

## HYMN

## 294.

## S. M.

NOT with our mortal eyes  
 Have we beheld the Lord ;  
 Yet we rejoice to hear His name,  
 And love Him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight  
 Of our Redeemer's face ;  
 Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
 To dwell upon Thy grace.

3 And when we taste Thy love,  
 Our joys divinely grow  
 Unspeakable, like those above,  
 And heaven begins below.

## HYMN

## 295.

## S. M.

A WAKE, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
 Wake, every heart, and every tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love,  
 Who liveth evermore ;  
 Sing how He intercedes above  
 For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;  
 Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
 In Christ th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,  
 "Ye blessed children, come!"  
 Soon will He call us hence away,  
 And take His wanderers home.

HYMN

296.

L. M.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,  
 O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!  
 From world to world the joy shall ring:  
 The Lord Omnipotent is King!

2 The Lord is King! thou child of dust,  
 The Judge of all the earth is just:  
 Holy and true are all His ways;  
 Let every creature speak His praise.

3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;  
 The contrite soul He'll ne'er disown;  
 And angel bands are waiting there,  
 His messages of love to bear.

4 O, when His wisdom can mistake,  
 His might decay, His love forsake,  
 Then may His children cease to sing,  
 The Lord Omnipotent is King!

HYMN

297.

C. M.

HOW rich Thy favours, God of grace!  
 How various and divine!  
 Full as the ocean they are poured,  
 And bright as heaven they shine.

2 He to eternal glory calls,  
 And leads the wondrous way  
 To His own palace, where He reigns  
 In uncreated day.

3 Jesus the herald of His love  
 Displays the radiant prize,  
 And shows the purchase of His blood  
 To our adoring eyes.

4 The songs of everlasting years  
 That mercy shall attend,  
 Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,  
 To joys that never end.

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P E A C E.

HYMN            298.            P. M.

**M**Y Saviour, as Thou wilt !  
 Oh ! may Thy will be mine !  
 Into Thy hand of love  
 I would my all resign.  
 Through sorrow, or through joy,  
 Conduct me as Thine own,  
 And help me still to say,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

2 My Saviour, as Thou wilt !  
 If needy here and poor,  
 Give me Thy people's bread,  
 Their portion rich and sure.

The manna of Thy word  
 Let my soul feed upon;  
 And if all else should fail,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

3 My Saviour, as Thou wilt !  
 Though seen through many a tear  
 Let not my star of hope  
 Grow dim or disappear.  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept  
 And sorrowed oft alone,  
 If I must weep with Thee,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

4 My Saviour as Thou wilt !  
 All shall be well for me :  
 Each changing future scene,  
 I gladly trust with Thee.  
 Straight to my home above  
 I travel calmly on,  
 And sing in life or death,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

HYMN

299.

L. M.

O THOU by long experience tried,  
 Near whom no grief can long abide,  
 My Lord, how full of sweet content  
 My years of pilgrimage are spent.

2 My heart reposing on Thy love,  
 All scenes alike engaging prove ;  
 Where'er I dwell, I dwell with Thee,  
 At home, abroad, on land or sea.

3 To me remains nor place nor time,  
 My country is in every clime ;  
 I can be calm, and free from care,  
 On any shore, since Thou art there.

4 Could I be cast where Thou art not,  
 That were indeed a dreadful lot ;  
 But regions none remote I call,  
 Secure of finding Thee in all.

## HYMN

## 300.

## III. 3.

**A** LL unseen the Master walketh  
 By the toiling servant's side ;  
 Comfortable words He speaketh,  
 While his hands uphold and guide.

2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow  
 Rends thy heart, to Him unknown ;  
 He to-day, and He to-morrow,  
 Grace sufficient gives His own.

3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,  
 Long endurance wins the crown ;  
 When the evening shadows lengthen,  
 Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

## HYMN

## 301.

## C. M.

**O** LORD ! my best desire fulfil !  
 And help me to resign  
 Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,  
 And make Thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,  
 Whose love forbids my fears ?  
 Or tremble at the gracious hand  
 That wipes away my tears ?

3 No, rather let me freely yield  
 What most I prize to Thee,  
 Who never hast a good withheld,  
 Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,  
 Thou art engaged to grant ;  
 What else I want, or think I do,  
 'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,  
 Shall I resist them both ?  
 The poor blind creature of a day,  
 And crush'd before the moth.

6 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,  
 Still bind me to Thy sway !  
 Else the next cloud that veils the skies,  
 Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN

302.

III. 4.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
 Make me teachable and mild,  
 Upright, simple, free from art,  
 Make me as a weaned child ;  
 From distrust and envy free,  
 Pleas'd with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
 Let me as a child receive ;  
 What to-morrow may betide,  
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave ;  
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,  
 Why should I the burden bear ?

3 As a little child relies  
 On a care beyond his own ;  
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
 Fears to stir a step alone ;  
 Let me thus with Thee abide,  
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

## HYMN

## 303.

## III. 1.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be  
 Perfectly resign'd to Thee ?  
 Poor and vile in mine own eyes,  
 Only in Thy wisdom wise ?

2 Only Thee content to know,  
 Ignorant of all below ?  
 Only guided by Thy light ?  
 Only mighty in Thy might ?

3 Fully let my life express  
 All the heights of holiness ;  
 Sweetly let my spirit prove  
 All the depths of humble love.

## HYMN

## 304.

## C. M.

**I**N tears and trials we must sow  
 To reap in joy and love,  
 We cannot find our home below,  
 And look for one above.

**2** Children of God have ever thus  
 In wisdom learn'd to grow ;  
 Yea, He who gave Himself for us  
 Was perfected by woe.

**3** Thou, Man of Sorrows, Thou didst not  
 The bitter cup decline ;  
 Why should I claim a better lot,  
 A smoother path than Thine ?

**4** Intent the guiltless blood to shed,  
 That should for guilt atone,  
 Thou didst the mighty wine-press tread,  
 Unshrinking, though alone.

**5** And shall I murmur or repine  
 At aught Thy hand may send ?  
 Nay, I my all to Thee resign,  
 My ever-ruling Friend.

## HYMN

## 305.

## C. M.

**O**H ! for a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from sin set free !  
 A heart that always feels Thy blood  
 So freely shed for me ;

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
 My great Redeemer's throne ;  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone ;

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean !  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From Him that dwells within ;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine ;  
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;  
 Come quickly from above ;  
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
 Thy new, best name of Love.

HYMN

306.

C. M.

**T**HREE is a fold whence none can stray,  
 And pastures ever green,  
 Where sultry sun, or stormy day,  
 Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,  
 In God's own light it lies ;  
 His smile its vast dimension fills  
 With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,  
 Divides that land from this ;  
 I have a Shepherd pledg'd to save,  
 And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at His feet my soul will lie,  
 In life's last struggling breath ;  
 But I shall only seem to die,  
 I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world, to be  
 Exempt from toil and strife ;  
 To spend eternity with Thee,  
 My Saviour, this is life !

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## TRIALS.

HYMN

307.

P. M.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,  
 In trial's fearful hour,  
 Bow, all resign'd, beneath His rod,  
 And bless His sparing power ;  
 A joy springs up amid distress,  
 A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O to be brought to Jesus' feet,  
 Though sorrows fix me there,  
 Is still a privilege ; and sweet  
 The energies of prayer ;  
 Though sighs and tears its language be,  
 If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

3 O blessed be the hand that gave,  
 Still blessed when it takes,  
 Blessed be He who smites to save,  
 Who heals the heart He breaks ;  
 Perfect and true are all His ways,  
 Whom heaven adores, and earth obeys.

HYMN

308.

P. M.

A LMIGHTY God ! I call to Thee,  
 A By sore temptation shaken ;  
 Incline Thy gracious ear to me,  
 And leave me not forsaken ;  
 For who that feels the power within  
 Of past remorse and present sin,  
 Can stand, O Lord, before Thee ?

2 On Thee alone my stay I place,  
 All human help rejecting,  
 Relying on Thy sovereign grace,  
 Thy sovereign aid expecting ;  
 I rest upon Thy sacred word,  
 That Thou 'lt repel him not, O Lord,  
 Who to Thy mercy fleeth.

3 And though I travail all the night,  
 And travail all the Morrow,  
 My trust is in Jehovah's might,  
 My triumph in my sorrow ;  
 Forgetting not that Thou of old,  
 Didst Israel, though weak, uphold ;  
 When weakest, then most loving !

4 What though my sinfulness be great,  
 Redeeming love is greater ;  
 What though all hell should lie in wait,  
 Supreme is my Creator ;  
 And He my Rock and Fortress is,  
 And when most helpless, most I'm His,  
 My Strength and my Redeemer.

## HYMN

## 309.

## III. 1.

**G**ENTLY, gently lay Thy rod  
 On my sinful head, O God !  
 Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,  
 Lest I sink beneath its sway.

**2** Heal me, for my flesh is weak,  
 Hear me, for Thy grace I seek ;  
 This the only plea I make,  
 Heal me for thy mercy's sake.

**3** Who, within the silent grave,  
 Shall proclaim Thy power to save ?  
 Lord ! my sinking soul reprieve ;  
 Speak ! and I shall rise and live.

**4** Lo ! He comes — He heeds my plea,  
 Lo ! He comes — the shadows flee ;  
 Glory round me dawns once more ;  
 Rise, my spirit, and adore.

## HYMN

## 310.

## C. M.

**D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
 On Thee, when sorrows rise,  
 On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
 My fainting hope relies.

**2** To Thee I tell each rising grief,  
 For Thou alone canst heal ;  
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
 For every pain I feel.

3 But O when gloomy doubts prevail,  
 I fear to call Thee mine ;  
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
 And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?  
 Thou art my only trust ;  
 And still my soul would cleave to Thee,  
 Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?  
 And shall I seek in vain ?  
 And can the ear of sovereign grace  
 Be deaf when I complain ?

6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,  
 Here let my soul retreat :  
 With humble hope attend thy will,  
 And wait beneath Thy feet.

## HYMN

## 311.

## C. M.

A FFILCTION is a stormy deep,  
 A Where wave resounds to wave !  
 Though o'er our heads the billows roll,  
 We know the Lord can save.

2 When darkness, and when sorrows rose,  
 And pressed on every side,  
 The Lord hath still sustained our steps,  
 And still hath been our Guide.

3 Perhaps before the morning dawn,  
 He will restore our peace ;  
 For He who bade the tempest roar  
 Can bid the tempest cease.

4 Here will we rest, here build our hopes,  
 Nor murmur at His rod ;  
 He's more to us than all the world,  
 Our Health, our Life, our God.

HYMN

312.

L. M.

THE darken'd sky, how thick it lowers,  
 Troubled with storms and big with showers ;  
 No cheerful gleam of light appears,  
 But nature poureth forth her tears.

2 Yet let the sons of grace revive ;  
 He bids the soul that seeks Him, live ;  
 And from the gloomiest shade of night  
 Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The seeds of ecstacy unknown  
 Are in the water'd furrows sown ;  
 And heaven shall pour its beams around,  
 Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

4 Then shall the trembling mourner come,  
 And bind his sheaves, and bear them home !  
 The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,  
 Till heaven with hallelujahs ring !

HYMN

313.

S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
 Down from the willows take :  
 Loud to the praise of love divine  
 Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,  
 We are not far from home,  
 And nearer to our house above  
 We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end  
 Stronger and brighter shine,  
 Nor present things, nor things to come,  
 Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,  
 Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
 Then is the time to trust our God,  
 And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
 Subside at His control ;  
 His loving-kindness shall break through  
 The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,  
 That stays himself on Thee !  
 Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,  
 Shall Thy salvation see.

## HYMN 314. III. 3.

FULL of trembling expectation,  
 Feeling much, and fearing more,  
 Mighty Lord of my salvation,  
 I Thy timely aid implore ;  
 By Thy suffering, O be near me,  
 All my sufferings to sustain ;  
 By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,  
 By Thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,  
 In the days of flesh below ;  
 When thy troubled soul did languish  
 Under a whole world of woe ;  
 When Thou didst our curse inherit,  
 Groan beneath our guilty load,  
 Burden'd with a wounded spirit,  
 Bruised beneath the hand of God.

3 By Thy dread, unknown temptation,  
 In that dark, Satanic hour ;  
 By Thy last, mysterious passion,  
 Screen me from the tempter's power.  
 By Thy fainting in the garden,  
 By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,  
 Write upon my heart the pardon,  
 Take my sins and fears away.

4 By the travail of Thy Spirit,  
 By thine outcry on the tree,  
 By Thine agonizing merit,  
 In my pangs remember me !  
 By Thy precious death assuring,  
 My poor dying soul befriend,  
 And with patience, all enduring,  
 Make me faithful to the end.

HYMN

315.

L. M.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,  
 Clouds overcast my wint'ry sky ;  
 Out of the depths to Thee I call ;  
 My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me through the storm :  
Defend me from each threatening ill :  
Control the waves ; say, " Peace ! be still."

3 Amid the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee ;  
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek :  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

## HYMN

## 316.

## L. M.

ETERNAL beam of light divine,  
E Fountain of unexhausted love ;  
In whom the Father's glories shine,  
Through earth beneath, and Heaven above :

2 Jesus, the weary wand'r'r's rest,  
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear ;  
With steadfast patience arm my breast,  
With trustful love and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from Thee,  
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill :  
Though bitter to the taste it be,  
It hath the power to heal me still.

4 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh !  
That I each murmur'ring thought may shun ;  
And grief and fear and care shall fly,  
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, — Peace ;  
 Say to my trembling heart, — Be still ;  
 Thy power can bid the conflict cease,  
 For all things serve Thy sov'reign will.

6 O death ! where is thy sting ? Where now  
 Thy boasted victory, O grave ?  
 Who shall contend with God ? or how  
 Can he be hurt whom God will save ?

HYMN

317.

C. M.

THOU art my hiding place, O Lord !  
 In Thee I fix my trust,  
 Encouraged by Thy holy word,  
 A feeble child of dust.

2 I have no argument beside,  
 I urge no other plea,  
 And 'tis enough — the Saviour died,  
 The Saviour died for me.

3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,  
 And furious foes assail,  
 My refuge is the mercy-seat,  
 My hope within the veil.

4 From strife of tongues and bitter words,  
 My Spirit flies to Thee ;  
 Joy to my heart the thought affords,  
 My Saviour died for me.

5 And when Thine awful voice commands  
 This body to decay,  
 And life, in its last lingering sands,  
 Is ebbing fast away ;

6 Then, though it be in accents weak,  
 My voice shall call on Thee,  
 And ask for strength in death to speak,  
 " My Saviour died for me."

HYMN

318.

C. M.

NOW to the haven of Thy breast,  
 O Son of Man, I fly ;  
 Be Thou my refuge and my rest,  
 For O ! the storm is high.

2 Protect me from the furious blast,  
 My shield and shelter be ;  
 Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast  
 The storm of sin I see.

3 As welcome as the water-spring  
 Is to a barren place,  
 Jesus, descend on me, and bring  
 Thy sweet, refreshing grace.

4 As o'er a parched and weary land,  
 A rock its shade doth spread,  
 So hide me, Saviour, with Thy hand,  
 And screen my naked head.

5 In all the times of my distress,  
 Thou hast my succour been ;  
 And, in my utter helplessness,  
 Restraining me from sin.

6 How swift to save me didst Thou move,  
 In every trying hour ;  
 O ! still protect me with Thy love,  
 And shield me with Thy power.

## HYMN

## 319.

## C. M.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
 I lift my soul to Thee ;  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 O Lord, remember me !

2 If on my head for Thy dear name  
 Shame and reproaches be,  
 All hail reproach, and welcome shame ;  
 If Thou remember me !

3 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
 This feeble body be ;  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;  
 O Lord, remember me !

4 When, in the solemn hour of death,  
 I wait Thy just decree,  
 Be this the prayer of my last breath ;  
 O Lord, remember me !

5 And when before Thy throne I stand,  
 And lift my soul to Thee,  
 There, with the saints at Thy right hand,  
 O Lord, remember me !

## HYMN

## 320.

## C. M.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
 And mourns the present pain,  
 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,  
 And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,  
And dread a Father's will ;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still :

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys  
The path that leads to light,  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.

4 O let me wing my hallow'd flight  
From earth-born woe and care,  
And soar above these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share.

HYMN

321.

S. M.

O, LEAD me to the Rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of Thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.

2 Within Thy presence, Lord,  
Forever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.

3 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear Thy name ;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

## HYMN

## 322.

## II. 1.

THY mercy heard my infant prayer ;  
 Thy love, with all a parent's care,  
 Sustain'd my childish days :  
 Thy goodness watch'd my ripening youth  
 And form'd my heart to love Thy truth,  
 And fill'd my lips with praise.

2 Then e'en in age and grief, Thy name  
 Shall still my languid heart inflame,  
 And bow my faltering knee :  
 Oh ! yet this bosom feels the fire,  
 This trembling hand and tuneless lyre  
 Have yet a strain for Thee !

3 Yes ! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,  
 This voice transported shall record  
 Thy goodness tried so long ;  
 Till sinking slow, with calm decay,  
 Its feeble murmurs melt away  
 Into a seraph's song.

## HYMN

## 323.

## III. 4.

JESUS' hour is not yet come :  
 Let this word thine answer be,  
 Pilgrim, asking for thy home,  
 Longing to be blest and free ;  
 Yet a season tarry on ;  
 Nobly borne is nobly done.

2 While oppressing pains and fears,  
 Night and day thy spirit grieve,  
 Still prolong'd through many years,  
 None to help thee or relieve ;  
 Hold the word of promise fast,  
 Till deliverance come at last.

3 Dost thou ask, *When* comes His hour ?  
 Then, when it shall aid thee best ;  
 Trust His faithfulness and power,  
 Trust in Him and calmly rest ;  
 Suffer on, and hope, and wait ;  
 Jesus never comes too late.

4 Blessed day which hastens fast,  
 End of conflict and of sin !  
 Death itself shall die at last,  
 Heaven's eternal joys begin :  
 Then eternity shall prove,  
 God is Light, and God is Love.

HYMN

324.

S. M.

THOU very present aid  
 In suffering and distress ;  
 The mind which still on Thee is stay'd,  
 Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined  
 On the Redeemer's breast,  
 'Mid raging storms, exults to find  
 An everlasting rest.

3 It hallows every cross ;  
 It sweetly comforts me ;  
 Makes me forget my every loss,  
 And find my all in Thee.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,  
 Doth all my wishes fill ;  
 What though created streams are dry,  
 I have the fountain still.

5 Stripp'd of each earthly friend,  
 I find them all in one ;  
 And peace and joy which never end,  
 And heaven, in Christ, begun.

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## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HYMN

325.

III. 4.

**S**AVIOUR ! once to Thee presented,  
 At Thy footstool I was laid :  
 In life's bloom, my heart consented  
 To the vows my sponsors made ;  
 Thine in infancy and youth,  
 Should I not have kept Thy truth ?

2 Thine by right, as my Creator,  
 Who my two-fold life bestow'd,  
 Saved by Thee, my Mediator,  
 Ransom'd with Thy precious blood ;  
 Thine by my baptismal vow,  
 Shall my heart forsake Thee now ?

3 No ! not far then let me wander,  
 Thou hast stricken to reclaim ;  
 O'er the guilty past I ponder,  
 Overwhelm'd with grief and shame ;  
 Still that Lord whose seal I wear,  
 Pours for me th' availing prayer.

4 Welcome the severest token,  
 That God "lets me not alone ;"  
 Though His cov'nant I have broken,  
 He reclaims me as His own ;  
 Saviour, now my soul restore,  
 Bid me "Go and sin no more."

## HYMN

## 326.

## III. 3.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow Thee ;  
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
 Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;  
 Yet how rich is my condition !  
 God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour, too ;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
 Thou art not, like them, untrue :  
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me ;  
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Men may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While Thy love is left to me;  
 Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 Joy to find in every station  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
 Think that Jesus died to win thee;  
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;  
 Heaven's eternal gates before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition.  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HYMN

327.

III. 2.

**A**M I called? and can it be?  
**A**Has the Saviour pitied me?  
 Guilty, wretched as I am,  
 Has He named my worthless name?  
 Vilest of the vile am I;  
 Dare I raise my hopes so high?

2 Am I called ? I dare not stay,  
 May not, must not disobey ;  
 Here I lay me at Thy feet,  
 Clinging to the mercy-seat ;  
 Thine I am and Thine alone ;  
 Lord, with me Thy will be done.

3 Am I called ? what shall I bring  
 As an offering to my king ?  
 Poor and blind and naked, I  
 Trembling at Thy footstool lie ;  
 Nought but sin I call my own,  
 Nor for sin can sin atone.

4 Am I called ? an heir of God !  
 Wash'd, redeemed by precious blood !  
 Father, lead me by Thy hand,  
 Guide me to that better land,  
 Where my soul shall be at rest,  
 Pillow'd on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN

328.

C. M.

**S**HALL Simon bear the cross alone,  
 And all the world go free ?  
 No ! there's a cross for every one,  
 And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,  
 Who once went sorrowing here ;  
 For now they taste unmixed love,  
 And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
 Till death shall set me free ;  
 And then go home my crown to wear,  
 For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement down  
 At Jesus' pierced feet,  
 Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,  
 And His dear name repeat.

5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring  
 Beneath heaven's arches high,  
 "The Lord that lives,"—the ransomed sing,  
 "That lives no more to die."

## HYMN

## 329.

## C. M.

HOW blessed, from the bonds of sin  
 And earthly fetters free,  
 In singleness of heart and aim,  
 Thy servant, Lord, to be !  
 The hardest toil to undertake  
 With joy at Thy command !  
 The meanest office to receive  
 With meekness at Thy hand !

2 With willing heart and longing eyes,  
 To watch before Thy gate,  
 Ready to run the weary race,  
 To bear the heavy weight ;  
 No voice of thunder to expect,  
 But follow calm and still,  
 For love can easily divine  
 The One Beloved's will.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, Gracious Lord !  
 Thus ever Thine alone,  
 My soul and body given to Thee,  
 The purchase Thou hast won :  
 Through evil and through good report  
 Still waiting at Thy side,  
 By life or death, in this poor flesh  
 Let Christ be magnified !

4 How happily the working days  
 In this dear service fly !  
 How rapidly the closing hour,  
 The time of rest, draws nigh,  
 When all the faithful gather home,  
 A joyful company !  
 And ever where the Master is,  
 There shall His servants be.

HYMN

330.

L. M.

THOU, whom my soul admires above  
 All earthly joy and earthly love,  
 Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,  
 Where do Thy sweetest pastures grow ?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock  
 That from the sun defends Thy flock ?  
 Fain would I feed among Thy sheep,  
 Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should Thy bride appear like one  
 That turns aside to paths unknown ?  
 My constant feet would never rove,  
 Would never seek another love.

4 The footsteps of thy flock I see ;  
 Thy sweetest pastures here they be ;  
 A wondrous feast Thy love prepares,  
 Bought with Thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

5 His dearest flesh He makes my food,  
 And bids me drink His richest blood ;  
 Safe on these hills, my soul would roam,  
 Till my Beloved leads me home.

HYMN

331.

C. M.

JESUS, since first I heard Thy voice  
 And Thy dear cross survey'd,  
 I've longed to make the happy choice  
 Thy favour'd Mary made.

2 O may it be my business here  
 Thro' all my years and days,  
 To wait on Thee, Thy word to hear,  
 And run in all Thy ways.

3 In this vain world let others meet  
 The pleasures of their choice,  
 But let me sit at Jesus' feet,  
 And in His love rejoice.

4 Wealth that the world hath not to give  
 My Saviour shall supply,  
 I wish at Jesus' feet to live,  
 At Jesus' feet to die.

## HYMN

## 332.

## S. M.

MY soul, weigh not thy life  
 Against thy heavenly crown,  
 Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife  
 To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong  
     Hold on the fearful fight,  
     And let the breaking day prolong  
     The wrestling of the night.

3 The foe will surely yield,  
     If thou thy part fulfil ;  
     For strong as is the hostile shield,  
     Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armour is divine,  
     Thy feet with victory shod ;  
     And on thy head shall quickly shine  
     The diadem of God.

## HYMN

## 333.

## III. 1.

NAY, I cannot let Thee go,  
 Till a blessing Thou bestow ;  
 Do not turn away Thy face,  
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
     In rebellion blindly bold,  
     Scorn Thy grace, Thy power defy,  
     That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

3 Once a sinner, near despair,  
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer ;  
Mercy heard and set him free,  
Lord, that mercy came to me.

4 Many years have pass'd since then ;  
Many changes have I seen ;  
Yet have been upheld till now ;  
Who could hold me up but Thou ?

5 Thou hast help'd in every need,  
This emboldens me to plead :  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst Thou let me sink at last !

6 No ! I must maintain my hold ;  
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold :  
I can no denial take,  
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

## HYMN

## 334.

## C. M.

**A**M I a soldier of the cross,  
**A**follower of the Lamb ?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flow'ry beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face,  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;  
 Increase my courage, Lord ;  
 I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,  
 Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer, though they die ;  
 They view the triumph from afar,  
 With faith's enraptured eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all Thine armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be Thine.

## HYMN

## 335.

## S. M.

TEACH me, my God and King,  
 Thy will in all to see ;  
 And what I do in anything,  
 To do it as for Thee ;

2 To scorn the senses' sway,  
 While still to Thee I tend !  
 In all I do, be Thou the way,  
 In all, be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake ;  
 Nothing so small can be  
 But draws, when done for Thy dear sake,  
 Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done beneath Thy laws,  
 E'en servile labours shine ;  
 Hallow'd is toil, if Thine the cause ;  
 The meanest work, divine.

## HYMN

## 336.

## L. M.

O LORD, Thy counsels and Thy care  
 My safety and my comfort are ;  
 And Thou shalt guide me through my race,  
 Till glory crown the work of grace.

2 On whom but Thee, in heaven above,  
 Can I repose my trust, or love ?  
 And shall an earthly object be  
 Loved in comparison with Thee ?

3 My flesh is hast'ning to decay ; . . .  
 Soon shall the world have pass'd away ;  
 And what can mortal friends avail,  
 When heart, and strength, and life shall fail ?

4 But Oh ! my Saviour, be Thou nigh,  
 And I will triumph when I die ;  
 My strength, my portion, is divine ;  
 And Jesus is forever mine !

## HYMN

## 337.

## L. M.

B ESET with snares on every hand,  
 In Life's uncertain path I stand ;  
 Saviour divine, diffuse Thy light,  
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,  
 To fix on Mary's better part ;  
 To scorn the trifles of a day,  
 For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,  
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;  
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
 But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,  
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;  
 Secure when mortal comforts flee,  
 To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

HYMN

338.

C. M.

Lord, it belongs not to my care,  
 Whether I die or live ;  
 To love and serve Thee is my share,  
 And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad,  
 That I may long obey ;  
 If short, yet why should I be sad  
 To soar to endless day ?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
 Than He went through before ;  
 Whoe'er into His kingdom comes,  
 Must enter by His door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,  
 Thy blessed face to see ;  
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
 What will Thy glory be ?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
 And weary, sinful days,  
 And join with the triumphant saints  
 That sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,  
 The eye of faith is dim ;  
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
 And I shall be with Him

HYMN

339.

P. M.

NEARER, my God, to Thee !  
 Nearer to Thee !  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me ;  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

2 Though like a wanderer,  
 Weary and lone,  
 Darkness comes over me,  
 My rest a stone,  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

3 There let my way appear  
 Steps unto heaven ;  
 All that Thou sendest me  
 In mercy given ;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

4 Then with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Altars I'll raise ;

So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

5 And when on joyful wing,  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly ;  
 Still all my song shall be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

---

## FAMILY DEVOTION.

## MORNING.

HYMN

340.

S. M.

Daily Prayer.

COME at the morning hour,  
 Come let us kneel and pray,  
 Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,  
 To walk with God all day.

2 At Noon, beneath the Rock  
 Of Ages, rest and pray ;  
 Sweet is that shadow from the heat,  
 When the sun smites by day.

3 At Eve shut to the door,  
 Round the home-altar pray,  
 And finding there "the House of God,"  
 At "heaven's gate" close the day.

4 When Midnight seals our eyes,  
 Let each in spirit say,  
 "I sleep, but my heart waketh, LORD,  
 With Thee to watch and pray."

HYMN

341.

C. M.

ONCE more the sun is beaming bright  
 Once more to God we pray,  
 That his eternal light may guide  
 And cheer our souls this day.

2 Oh, may no sin our hands defile,  
 Or cause our minds to rove;  
 Upon our lips be simple truth,  
 And in our hearts be love.

3 Throughout the day, O Christ, in Thee  
 May ready help be found,  
 To save our souls from Satan's wiles,  
 Who still is hovering round.

4 Subservient to Thy daily praise  
 Our daily toil shall be;  
 So may our works in Thee begun  
 Be further'd, Lord, by Thee.

5 To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Holy Ghost,  
 Eternal glory be from men,  
 And from the angel host.

HYMN

342.

L. M.

0 JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,  
 Thou brightness of Thy Father's face  
 Thou fountain of eternal light,  
 Whose beams disperse the shades of night;

2 Come, holy Sun of Heavenly love,  
 Shower down Thy radiance from above ;  
 And to our inmost hearts convey  
 The Holy Spirit's cloudless day.

3 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,  
 Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;  
 May guile depart, and discord cease,  
 And all within be joy and peace.

4 O, hallow'd be the new-born day !  
 Let meekness be our morning ray,  
 And faithful love our noon-day light,  
 And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

5 O Christ, with each returning morn,  
 Thine image to our hearts be borne ;  
 O may we ever clearly see  
 Our Saviour and our God in Thee !

HYMN

343.

L. M.

0 H ! timely happy, timely wise,  
 Hearts that with rising morn arise !  
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
 Which evermore makes all things new !

2 New every morning is the love  
 Our wakening and uprising prove ;  
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,  
 Hover around us while we pray ;  
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If on our daily course our mind  
 Be set to hallow all we find,  
 New treasures still of countless price,  
 God will provide for sacrifice.

5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
 As more of heaven in each we see ;  
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.

6 The trivial round, the common task,  
 Will furnish all we ought to ask ;  
 Room to deny ourselves ; a road  
 To bring us, daily, nearer God.

HYMN

344.

L. M.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
 Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;  
 Thence all her help my soul derives,  
 There my Almighty refuge lives.

2 He lives — the everlasting God  
 That built the world, that spread the flood ;  
 The heavens with all their hosts He made,  
 And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, He guards our way ;  
 His morning smiles bless all the day :  
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
 The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,  
 May rise secure, securely rest ;  
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
 Admit nor slumber, nor surprise.

## HYMN

## 345.

## III. 1.

SOURCE of light and life divine,  
 Who dost make the light to shine ;  
 Who didst deck creation's birth,  
 Light from darkness calling forth :

2 Shade of eve and morning ray,  
 Who didst join and name them day ;  
 Darksome night again draws nigh,  
 Listen to our suppliant cry.

3 Let us not, by sin deprest,  
 Lose the way to endless rest ;  
 Let no thoughts impure and vain,  
 Down to earth our spirits chain.

4 Rather lift them to the skies,  
 Where our dearest treasure lies ;  
 Help us in our daily strife,  
 Help us win the prize of life.

## HYMN

## 346.

## L. M.

**I**N sleep's serene oblivion laid,  
I safely pass'd the silent night ;  
Again I see the breaking shade,  
I drink again the morning light.

**2** New-born, I bless the waking hour,  
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;  
My conscious soul resumes her power,  
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee !

**3** O guide me through the various maze  
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;  
And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze  
When dangers press around my head.

**4** A deeper shade will soon impend ;  
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;  
Yet then Thy strength shall still defend,  
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

**5** That deeper shade shall break away ;  
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;  
Thy light shall give eternal day,  
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

## HYMN

## 347.

## L. M.

**F**ORTH in Thy name, O Lord, we go,  
Our daily labour to pursue ;  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
In all we think, or speak, or do.

2 Still would we bear Thy easy yoke,  
 And every moment watch and pray ;  
 Would still to things eternal look,  
 And hasten to Thy glorious day.

3 For Thee alone we would employ  
 Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given ;  
 Would run our course with even joy,  
 And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

HYMN

348.

C. M.

Sunday Morning.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,  
 And sighs her God to seek,  
 How sweet to hail the evening's close,  
 That ends the weary week !

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,  
 That opens on the sight,  
 When first that soul-reviving morn  
 Sheds forth new rays of light !

3 Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will cease ;  
 Yet while they gently roll,  
 Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,  
 A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,  
 The world's long week be o'er,  
 That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,  
 That day, which fades no more ?

## EVENING.

HYMN

349.

L. M.

THUS far the Lord has led me on ;  
 Thus far His power prolongs my days ;  
 And every evening shall make known  
 Some fresh memorial of His praise.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
 But He forgives my follies past ;  
 He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
 While well-appointed angels keep  
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
 And wait Thy voice to rend my tomb,  
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN

350.

III. 1.

INTERVAL of grateful shade,  
 Welcome to my weary head ;  
 Welcome slumber to mine eyes,  
 Tired with glaring vanities.

2 My great Master still bestows  
 Needful seasons of repose :  
 By my heav'nly Father blest,  
 Thus I give my pow'rs to rest

3 Heavenly Father ! gracious name !  
 Night and day His love the same :  
 His kind eye that cannot sleep,  
 My defenceless hours shall keep.

4 What if death my sleep invade ?  
 Should I be of death afraid ?  
 Whilst encircled by Thine arm,  
 Death may strike, but cannot harm.

5 With Thy gracious presence blest,  
 Death is life, and labour rest :  
 Welcome sleep or death to me,  
 Still secure, for still with Thee.

## HYMN

## 351.

## III. 3.

**S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;  
 Sin and want we come confessing ;  
 Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrows past us fly,  
 Angel guards from Thee surround us ;  
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;  
 Thou art He who, never weary,  
 Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
 And command us to the tomb,  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

HYMN

352.

L. M.

**M**Y God, how endless is Thy love !  
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
 And morning mercies from above,  
 Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,  
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,  
 To Thee I consecrate my days ;  
 Perpetual blessings from Thy hand,  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN

353.

S. M.

**T**O-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,  
 Lodg'd in Thy sovereign hand ;  
 And if its sun arise and shine,  
 It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,  
 And bears our life away ;  
 O, make Thy servants truly wise,  
 That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour  
 Eternity is hung,  
 Waken by Thine almighty power  
 The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care ;  
 O, be it still pursued,  
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
 Should never be renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly,  
 Swift as the morning light,  
 Lest life's young golden beam should die  
 In sudden, endless night.

HYMN                    354.                    L. M.

SUN of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if Thou be near ;  
 Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise  
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought — how sweet to rest  
 Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without Thee I cannot live :  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
 Ere through the world our way we take ;  
 Till in the ocean of Thy love  
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

## HYMN            355.            III. 1.

## Parting.

**F**OR a season call'd to part,  
 Let us now ourselves commend  
 To the gracious eye and heart  
 Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;  
 Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,  
 Let Thy mercy and Thy care  
 All our souls in safety keep.

3 In Thy strength may we be strong ;  
 Sweeten every cross and pain ;  
 Spare us, that we may, ere long,  
 Meet and worship Thee again.

## HYMN            356.            C. M.

**S**AVIOUR ! in mercy hear the sighs  
 Which unto Thee we send ;  
 To Thee our inmost spirit cries,  
 Our Life, our Hope, our End !

2 Abide with us, and with Thy light  
 Illume the soul's abyss ;  
 Dispel the darkness of our night,  
 Bring in Thy day of bliss.

## HYMN            357.            L. M.

**O**H God, creation's secret Force,  
 Thyself unmov'd, all motion's source,  
 Who from the morn till evening's ray  
 Through all its changes guid'st the day ;

2 Grant us, when this short life is past,  
 The glorious evening that shall last ;  
 That, by a holy death attain'd,  
 Eternal glory may be gain'd.

HYMN

358.

III. 2.

Saturday Evening.

**S**AFELY through another week,  
 God has brought us on our way ;  
 Let us now a blessing seek  
 On th' approaching holy day ;  
 Day of all the week the best,  
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour  
 Through the week our praise demand ;  
 Guarded by almighty pow'r,  
 Fed, and guided by His hand :  
 Though ungrateful we have been,  
 And repaying love with sin.

3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,  
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
 Show Thy reconciled face,  
 Drive away our sin and shame ;  
 From our worldly cares set free,  
 May we rest this night with Thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,  
 May we feel Thy presence near ;  
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
 When we in Thy house appear :  
 There afford us, Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting feast.

5 May Thy gospel's joyful sound  
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;  
 Make the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief for all complaints ;  
 Such the days of rest we love,  
 Till we join the church above.

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## FOR CHILDREN.

HYMN

359.

C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill  
 How fair the lily grows !  
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !

2 Lo ! such the child, whose early feet  
 The paths of peace have trod,  
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
 Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 The lily must decay ;  
 The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,  
 Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wint'ry hour  
 Of man's maturer age,  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
 And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, who givest life and breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age and death,  
To keep us still thine own.

HYMN

360.

C. M.

The Lord's-day Morning.

THIS is the day when Christ arose  
So early from the dead ;  
Why should I still my eyelids close  
And waste my hours in bed !

2 This is the day when Jesus broke  
The powers of death and hell ;  
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
And love my sins so well ?

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,  
To pray and hear Thy word ;  
And I would go with cheerful feet,  
To learn Thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,  
And so prepare for heaven :  
O may I love this blessed day  
The best of all the seven.

HYMN

361.

C. M.

MY God, who makes the sun to know  
His proper hour to rise,  
And, to give light to all below,  
Dost send him round the skies :

2 When, from the chambers of the east,  
 His morning race begins,  
 He never tires, nor stops to rest,  
 But round the world he shines :

3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil  
 The business of the day ;  
 Begin my work betimes, and still  
 March on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, Thy early grace,  
 Nor let my soul complain,  
 That the young morning of my days  
 Has all been spent in vain.

HYMN

362.

P. M.

THE morning bright,  
 With rosy light,  
 Has waked me from my sleep ;  
 Father, I own,  
 Thy love alone  
 Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day,  
 I humbly pray,  
 Be Thou my guard and guide ;  
 My sins forgive,  
 And let me live,  
 Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 Oh ! make Thy rest  
 Within my breast,  
 Great Spirit of all grace ;  
 Make me like Thee,  
 Then shall I be  
 Prepared to see Thy face.

## HYMN

## 363.

## C. M.

**A**ND now another day is gone,  
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;  
My comforts every hour make known  
His providence and grace.

**2** But how my childhood runs to waste !

My sins how great their sum !  
Lord, give me pardon for the past,  
And strength for days to come.

**3** I lay my body down to sleep,

Let angels guard my head ;  
And through the hours of darkness keep  
Their watch around my bed.

**4** With peaceful heart I close mine eyes

Since Thou wilt not remove ;  
And in the morning let me rise  
Rejoicing in Thy love.

## HYMN

## 364.

## C. M.

**G**REAT God, I call upon Thy name,  
And bow before Thy throne,  
Amid the silent shades of night,  
Unwatch'd, unseen, alone.  
How oft amidst the glare of day,  
When pleasure's throng was nigh,  
I have forgotten that I moved  
Beneath Thy watchful eye !

**2** Mine eyes have dwelt on vanities,

Thy children should not see ;  
My feet forsook the pleasant paths,  
That lead to Heaven — to Thee.

I kneel and humbly own my sin,  
 With many a tear and prayer:  
 My soul hath dwelt 'mid earthly joys,  
 And found no pleasure there.

3 I know, I feel, my own dear Lord !  
 I ne'er can happy be,  
 Unless my soul shall centre all  
 Its hopes, its love in Thee.  
 Be faithful, then, my wayward heart !  
 Let worldly joys grow dim ;  
 Thou'rt made for God, and never wilt  
 Find rest, unless in Him.

## HYMN

## 365.

## C. M.

A LMIGHTY God, Thy piercing eye  
 Strikes through the shades of night :  
 And our most secret actions lie  
 All open to Thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,  
 Nor wicked word we say,  
 But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ,  
 Against the judgment-day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done  
 Be read and publish'd there ?  
 Be all exposed before the sun,  
 While men and angels hear ?

4 Lord, at Thy feet ashamed I lie,  
 Upward I dare not look ;  
 Pardon my sins before I die,  
 And blot them from Thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains  
 That my Redeemer felt,  
 And let His blood wash out my stains,  
 And answer for my guilt.

HYMN                    366.                    III. 3.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear us ;  
 Bless Thy little lambs to-night :  
 Through the darkness be Thou near us ;  
 Keep us safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led us,  
 And we thank Thee for Thy care ;  
 Kindly Thou hast clothed us, fed us,  
 Listen to our evening prayer !

3 May our sins be all forgiven ;  
 Bless the friends we love so well ;  
 Take us, when we die, to heaven,  
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

HYMN                    367.                    C. M.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,  
 As I am taught to do,  
 God does not care for what I say  
 Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,  
 And when I pray or sing,  
 I'm often thinking all the while  
 About some other thing.

3 Oh, let me never, never dare  
 To act a trifler's part,  
 Or think that God will hear a prayer  
 That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make His ways my choice,  
 As holy children do,  
 Then, while I seek Him with my voice,  
 My heart will love Him too.

## HYMN

## 368.

## P. M.

I WANT to be like Jesus,  
 I So lowly and so meek ;  
 For no one marked an angry word  
 That ever heard Him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,  
 So frequently in prayer  
 Alone upon the mountain-top,  
 He met His Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus,  
 For never do I find  
 That He, though persecuted, was  
 To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,  
 Engaged in doing good,  
 So that of me it may be said,  
 "She hath done what she could."

5 Alas ! I'm not like Jesus,  
 As any one may see ;  
 Oh, gentle Saviour, send Thy grace  
 And make me like to Thee.

HYMN

369.

S. M.

WHEN thou art kneeling down at night,  
 Beside thy mother's knee to pray,  
 And thinking over all thy sins,  
 Done through the busy day;

2 Then call to mind thy brother's wrong,  
 To strife by angry passions driven,  
 And in thy heart forgive him all,  
 As thou wouldst be forgiven.

3 Thou hast sinned more against thy GOD,  
 Than ever brother sinned to thee;  
 If He should turn away His face,  
 How wretched wouldest thou be.

4 Dost thou remember when thy LORD  
 Hung on His cruel Cross so long,  
 How in His agony He pray'd  
 For those that did Him wrong?

5 They nailed His hands, they pierced His feet,  
 Their angry hearts no pity knew,  
 "FATHER, forgive them," was His cry,  
 "They know not what they do."

6 Go, seek thy little brother's side,  
 And press to his thy rosy cheek,  
 And whisper the forgiveness free  
 He is too proud to seek.

7 Then as the brightest ray from heaven  
 Doth on the glittering dewdrop fall,  
 Thy penitence shall be received,  
 And GOD forgive thee all.

## PRIVATE DEVOTION.

HYMN

370.

P. M.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking !  
 Now is breaking  
 O'er the earth another day :  
 Come, to Him who made this splendor,  
 See thou render  
 All thy feeble powers can pay.

2 Lo ! how all of breath partaking,  
 Gladly waking,  
 Hail the sun's enlivening light !  
 Plants which dews of morning nourish,  
 Rise and flourish,  
 When He breaks the shades of night.

3 Thou, too, hail the light returning ;  
 Ready burning  
 Be the incense of thy powers,  
 For the night is safely ended ;  
 God hath tended,  
 With His care, thy helpless hours.

4 Pray that He may prosper ever  
 Each endeavour,  
 When thine aim is good and true ;  
 But that He may ever thwart thee,  
 And convert thee,  
 When thou evil wouldest pursue.

5 Think that He thy ways beholdeh ;  
He unfoldeth

Every fault that lurks within ;  
Every stain of shame glossed over,  
Can discover,

And discern each deed of sin.

6 Fettered to the fleeting hours,

All our powers,

Vain and brief, are borne away.

Time, my soul, thy ship is steering,  
Onward veering,

To the gulf of death a prey.

7 Mayst thou, then, on life's last morrow,  
Free from sorrow,

Pass away in slumber sweet ;

And, released from death's dark sadness,  
Rise in gladness,

That far brighter Sun to greet.

HYMN

**371.**

P. M.

THE night is dark—behold the shade was  
deeper

In the still garden of Gethsemane,  
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper,

“ Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with  
me ? ”

2 O thou, so weary of thy self-denials,  
And so impatient of thy little cross,

Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,

To count all earthly things a gainful loss ?

3 What if thou always suffer'st tribulation,  
 What if thy Christian warfare never cease ?  
 The gaining of the quiet habitation  
 Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

4 Here are we all to suffer, walking lonely  
 The path that Jesus once Himself hath gone ;  
 Watch thou this hour in trustful patience only,  
 This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

5 And He will come in His own time from  
 Heaven,  
 To set his earnest-hearted children free ;  
 Watch only through this dark and painful even,  
 And the bright morning yet will break for  
 thee.

HYMN

372.

C. M.

I SOJOURN in a vale of tears,  
 Alas ! how can I sing ?  
 My harp doth on the willows hang,  
 Untuned in every string.  
 My music is a captive's chain ;  
 Harsh sounds my ears do fill ;  
 How shall I sing sweet Sion's song  
 On this side Sion's hill ?

2 Come, then, my ever dearest Lord,  
 My sweetest, surest friend ;  
 Come, for I loathe these Kedar tents ;  
 Thy fiery chariot send.  
 What have I here ? My thoughts and joys,  
 Are all before me gone ;  
 My eager soul would follow them  
 To Thine eternal throne.

3 What have I in this barren land ?  
My Jesus is not here ;  
Mine eyes will ne'er be blest until  
My Jesus doth appear.

My Jesus is gone up to Heaven,  
To gain a place for me ;  
For 'tis His will that where He is  
There should His servant be.

4 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top,  
Its grapes are my repast ;  
My Lord who sends unto me here,  
Will send for me at last.  
I have a God that changeth not,  
Why should I be perplex'd ?  
My God that owns me in this world  
Will own me in the next.

5 Go fearless, then, my soul, with God  
Into His banquet-room ;  
Thou who hast journey'd with Him here,  
Go feast with Him at home.  
View death with a believing eye,  
It hath an angel's face ;  
And this kind angel will prefer  
Thee to an angel's place.

6 My dearest friends they dwell above ;  
Them will I go and see ;  
And all my friends in Christ below  
Will soon come after me.  
Fear not the trump's earth-rending sound,  
Dread not the day of doom ;  
For He that is to be thy Judge,  
Thy Saviour is become.

## HYMN

## 373.

## S. M.

I WAS a foe to God,  
 I fought in Satan's host,  
 I trifled all His grace away,  
 Alas ! my soul was lost  
 Yet God forgets my sin,  
 His heart with pity moved,  
 He wins me, dearest Lord, in Thee ;  
 Lo ! thus our God hath loved.

2 God with this life of love,  
 To me was far and strange ;  
 My heart clung only to the world  
 Of sight and sense and change ;  
 In thee, Immanuel,  
 Are God and man made one ;  
 In Thee my heart hath peace with God,  
 And union in the Son.

3 Oh, ponder this, my soul,  
 Our God hath loved us thus,  
 That e'en His only dearest Son  
 He freely giveth us ;  
 Thou precious gift of God,  
 Thou Saviour of my soul,  
 Forever bound to Thee, my name,  
 Among Thy host enrol.

## HYMN

## 374.

## S. M.

I WAS a wandering sheep,  
 I did not love the fold,  
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
 I would not be controll'd.

I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home;  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child,  
And follow'd me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild.  
He found me nigh to death,  
Famish'd, and faint and lone;  
He bound me with the bands of love,  
And saved the wand'ring one.

3 He spoke in tender love,  
He raised my drooping head;  
He gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
My fainting soul He fed.  
He wash'd my filth away,  
He made me clean and fair,  
He brought me to my home in peace,  
The long-sought wanderer.

4 Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep,  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

5 I was a wandering sheep  
I would not be controll'd;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold!

I was a wayward child ;  
 I once prefer'd to roam,  
 But now I love my Father's voice ;  
 I love, I love His home !

## HYMN

## 375.

## II. 6.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
 The spotless Lamb of God,  
 He bears them all, and frees us  
 From the accursed load.  
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
 To wash my crimson stains  
 White in His blood most precious,  
 Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;  
 All fullness dwells in Him,  
 He heals all my diseases,  
 He doth my soul redeem.  
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
 My burdens and my cares ;  
 He from them all releases,  
 He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
 This weary soul of mine,  
 His right hand me embraces,  
 I on His breast recline.  
 I love the name of Jesus,  
 Immanuel, Christ the Lord ;  
 Like fragrance on the breezes  
 His name abroad is pour'd.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild,  
 I long to be like Jesus,  
 The Father's holy Child.  
 I long to be with Jesus,  
 Amid the heavenly throng,  
 To sing with saints his praises,  
 To learn the angel's song.

HYMN

376.

L. M.

I SEND the joys of earth away ;  
 Away, ye tempters of the mind ;  
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
 And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,  
 Down to the gulf of black despair :  
 And whilst I listened to your song,  
 Your streams had ev'n convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace  
 That warn'd me of that dark abyss ;  
 That drew me from those treach'rous seas  
 And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now, to the shining realms above  
 I stretch my hands and glance my eyes :  
 Oh ! for the pinions of a dove,  
 To bear me to the upper skies.

HYMN

377.

C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I'd flee,  
 From strife and tumult far ;  
 From scenes where Satan wages still  
 His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
 With prayer and praise agree ;  
 And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
 For those who follow Thee.

3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,  
 And grace her mean abode,  
 O with what peace, and joy, and love,  
 She communes with her God !

4 Author and Guardian of my life !  
 Sweet source of life divine,  
 And, — all harmonious names in one,—  
 My Saviour, — Thou art mine !

5 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,  
 A boundless, endless store,  
 Shall echo through the realms above,  
 When time shall be no more.

HYMN

378.

L. M.

LORD, Thou hast search'd and seen me  
 through ;  
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
 My rising and my resting hours,  
 My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts before they are my own,  
 Are to my God distinctly known ;  
 He knows the words I mean to speak  
 Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand ;  
 On every side I find Thy hand ;  
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
 I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and bright !  
 What large extent ! what lofty height !  
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,  
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;  
 Nor let my weaker passions dare  
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

HYMN

379.

P. M.

SEND, Lord, Thy light amid th' encircling  
 gloom,  
 And lead me on ;  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home ;  
 Lead Thou me on ;  
 Keep Thou my feet : I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene ; one step's enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
 Shouldst lead me on ;  
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
 Lead Thou me on !  
 I loved day's dazzling light, and spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years !

3 So long Thy power hath bless'd me, surely  
still  
'Twill lead me on  
Through dreary hours, through pain and sorrow,  
till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

HYMN                    380.                    P. M.

MY God, my Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
Oh teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done.

2 If Thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize — it ne'er was mine ;  
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;  
Thy will be done.

3 Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father, still I strive to say,  
Thy will be done.

4 If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,  
Thy will be done.

5 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done.

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
 The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,  
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
 Thy will be done.

HYMN

381.

L. M.

**H**OW do Thy mercies close me round !  
 Forever be Thy name adored ;  
 I blush in all things to abound ;  
 The servant is above his Lord.

2 In poverty His life began,  
 A suff'ring life my master led ;  
 The Son of God, the Son of man,  
 He had not where to lay His head.

3 But lo ! a place He hath prepared  
 For me, whom watchful angels keep ;  
 Yea He Himself becomes my guard ;  
 He smoothes my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects : my fears be gone :  
 What can the Rock of Ages move ?  
 Safe in Thine arms I lay me down,  
 Thine everlasting arms of love.

HYMN

382.

L. M.

**B**E with me, Lord, where'er I go ;  
 Show me what Thou would'st have me do ;  
 Direct my thoughts and words this day,  
 And guide me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,  
And in my native strength confide ;  
Show me my weakness, let me see  
I have my power, my all from Thee.

3 Assist and teach me how to pray ;  
Incline my nature to obey ;  
What Thou abhorrest let me flee,  
And only love what pleaseth Thee.

4 Ever my kind Protector prove ;  
Enrich me always with Thy love ;  
Make me with Thy forgiveness blest,  
And let Thy Spirit on me rest.

## HYMN

## 383.

S. M.

A SWEETLY solemn thought,  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
To-day, I'm nearer to my home  
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be ;  
And nearer to the great white throne,  
Nearer the jasper sea ;

3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where falls my burden down ;  
Nearer to where I leave my cross,  
And where I gain my crown.

4 Saviour, perfect my trust,  
Complete my faith in Thee ;  
And let me feel as if I stood  
Close on eternity ;

5 Feel as if now my feet  
 Were slipping o'er the brink ;  
 For I may now be nearer home,  
 Much nearer than I think.

## HYMN

## 384.

## II. 5.

**A** BIDE with me ! Fast falls the eventide,  
 The darkness thickens ; Lord, with me abide.  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away :  
 Change and decay in all around I see ;  
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
 But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,  
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

4 Come, not in terrors, as the King of kings ;  
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,  
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,  
 Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,  
 And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,  
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

6 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
 power?  
 Who, like Thysel, my guide and stay can be?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

7 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy  
 victory?  
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

8 Hold Thou the cross before my closing eyes;  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the  
 skies;  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
 shadows flee,  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

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### IN SICKNESS.

HYMN

385.

III. 1.

'TWAS the good Physician now,  
 Soothed my cheek and bathed my brow;  
 Whispering as His hand He laid,  
 "It is I, be not afraid."

2 God of life, and health, and grace,  
 Hear from Heaven, Thy dwelling-place;  
 Hear in mercy and forgive,  
 Bid Thy child believe and live.

3 Bless me, and I shall be blest ;  
 Soothe me, and I shall have rest ;  
 Fix my heart, my hopes above ;  
 Love me, Lord, for Thou art love.

HYMN

386.

III. 3.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour,  
 For the day is passing by ;  
 See ! the shades of evening gather,  
 And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Many friends were gather'd round me,  
 In the bright days of the past ;  
 But the grave has closed about them,  
 And I linger here at last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows ;  
 Paler now the glowing West ;  
 Swift the night of death advances ;  
 Shall it be the night of rest ?

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
 Lord, I cast myself on Thee ;  
 Tarry with me through the darkness !  
 While I sleep, still watch by me.

5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !  
 Lay my head upon Thy breast  
 Till the morning ; then awake me,  
 Morning of eternal rest !

HYMN

387.

C. M.

The Lord's Day.

**T**HOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts, to-day  
 Within Thy temples meet;  
 And tens of thousands throng to pay  
 Their homage at Thy feet.

2 They sing Thy deeds, as I have sung,  
 In sweet and solemn lays;  
 Were I among them, my glad tongue  
 Might learn new themes of praise.

3 The dew lies thick on all the ground,  
 Shall my poor fleece be dry?  
 The manna rains from heaven around,  
 Shall I of hunger die?

4 Behold Thy prisoner; loose my bands,  
 If 'tis Thy gracious will;  
 If not, contented in Thy hands  
 Behold Thy prisoner still.

5 I may not to Thy courts repair,  
 Yet here Thou surely art;  
 Lord, consecrate a house of prayer  
 Within my stricken heart.

HYMN

388.

C. M.

**G**LORY to Thee, Thou righteous God,  
 Righteous yet kind to me;  
 For while I feel the smarting rod,  
 The Father's hand I see.

2 In tenderness Thou dost chastise,  
 In mercy dost reprove ;  
 " My Father," all within me cries,  
 " Thy ways are truth and love."

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## DEATH.

HYMN

389.

L. M.

The Sepulchre in the Garden.—John xix. 41.

THE sepulchres, how thick they stand  
 Through all the road on either hand,  
 And burst upon the starting sight  
 In every garden of delight.

2 Thither the winding alleys tend ;  
 There all the flowery borders end :  
 And forms that charm'd the eye before,  
 Fragrance and music are no more.

3 Deep in that damp and silent cell,  
 My fathers and my brethren dwell ;  
 Beneath its broad and gloomy shade  
 My kindred, and my friends are laid.

4 But while I tread the solemn way,  
 My faith that Saviour would survey.  
 Who deign'd to sojourn in the tomb,  
 And lighten'd up its fearful gloom.

2 My thoughts, with ecstasy unknown,  
While from His grave they view His throne,  
Through my own sepulchre can see  
A paradise reserved for me.

HYMN

390.

C. M.

**G**REAT God, we own Thy sov'reign hand,  
Thy faithful care we own !  
Wisdom and love are all Thy ways,  
When most to us unknown.

2 To Thee we yield our comforts up ;  
To Thee our lives resign ;  
In straits and dangers, rich and safe,  
If we and ours are Thine !

3 Thy saints in earlier life removed  
In sweeter accents sing,  
And bless the swiftness of their flight  
That bore them to the King !

4 The burdens of a lengthen'd day  
With patience may we bear,  
And in our dying hours attest  
Thy wisdom, love, and care !

HYMN

391.

P. M.

**L**IFT not thou the wailing voice ;  
Weep not — 'tis a Christian dieth ;  
Up, where the blessed saints rejoice,  
Ransom'd now, the spirit fieth :

Freed from earth and earthly failing,  
 Lift for him no voice of wailing ;  
 High in heaven's own light he dwelleth ;  
 Full the song of triumph swelleth.

2 Pour not thou the bitter tear ;  
 Heaven its book of comfort opeth :  
 Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,  
 But as one who always hopeth ;  
 Humbly here in faith relying,  
 Peacefully in Jesus dying,  
 Heavenly joy his eye is flushing,  
 Why should thine with tears be gushing ?

3 They who die in Christ are blest ;  
 Ours then be no thought of grieving ;  
 Sweetly with their God they rest,  
 All their toils and troubles leaving ;  
 So be ours the faith that saveth,  
 Hope, that every trial braveth,  
 Love, that to the end endureth,  
 And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

HYMN

392.

III. 1.

**H**ARK ! a voice divides the sky,  
 Happy are the faithful dead,  
 In the Lord who sweetly die !  
 They from all their toils are freed ;  
 Them the Spirit hath declared  
 Blest, unutterably blest ;  
 Jesus is their great reward,  
 Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Follow'd by their works they go,  
 Where their Head is gone before ;  
 Reconciled by grace below,  
 Grace hath open'd mercy's door ;  
 Justified through faith alone,  
 Here they knew their sins forgiven ;  
 Here they laid their burden down,  
 Hallow'd and made meet for heaven.

## HYMN

## 393.

## II. 1.

If death my friend and me divide,  
 Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,  
 Or frown my tears to see ;  
 Restrained from passionate excess,  
 Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress  
 For those that rest in Thee.

2 I feel a strong, immortal hope,  
 Which bears my mournful spirit up,  
 Beneath its mountain load :  
 Redeem'd from death, and grief, and pain,  
 I soon shall find my friend again  
 Within the arms of God.

3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,  
 And death the blessing shall restore,  
 Which death hath snatched away ;  
 For me Thou wilt the summons send,  
 And give me back my parted friend,  
 In that eternal day.

## HYMN

## 394.

## III. 3.

**B**ROTHER, thou art gone before us ;  
 Where thy saintly soul has flown,  
 Tears are wiped away forever,  
 And all sorrow is unknown :  
 By the burden of the body  
 Never more to be opprest,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest.

**2** O'er the toilsome way thou'st travel'd,  
 And endured the heavy load ;  
 Christ hath brought thy footsteps languid  
 Safely to His blest abode.  
 Thou art resting now, like Laz'rus,  
 On thy heavenly Father's breast,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest.

**3** Sin no more can taint thy spirit,  
 Nor can doubt thy faith assail ;  
 Thou thy welcome hast received,  
 Now thy strength shall never fail ;  
 And thou'rt sure to meet the holy,  
 Whom on earth thou loved'st best,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest.

**4** To thy grave we sadly bear thee,  
 There in dust we place thy head ;  
 O'er thee now the turf is pressing,  
 And all green thy narrow bed.

But thy spirit soars to glory,  
 Free, among the faithful blest,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest.

4 When the Lord shall send His summons  
 Unto us, yet left behind,  
 May we, by the world untainted,  
 Gracious welcome with thee find ;  
 Each like thee in peace departing  
 To the dwellings of the blest,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest.

HYMN

395.

II. 5.

**G**O to the grave in all thy glorious prime,  
 In all the vigour of thy zeal and power ;  
**A** Christian cannot die before his time ;  
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave ; at noon from labour cease ,  
 Rest on thy sheaves ; the harvest-task is done ;  
 Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,  
 Soldier, go home ; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave ; for there thy Saviour lay  
 In death's embraces, ere He rose on high ;  
 And all the ransom'd, by that narrow way,  
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave ; — no, take thy seat above ;  
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,  
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,  
 And open vision for the written word.

HYMN

396.

L. M.

WHY should we start, and fear to die ?  
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are !  
 Death is the gate to endless joy,  
 And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
 Fright our approaching souls away ;  
 And we shrink back again to life,  
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O if my Lord would come and meet,  
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,  
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
 Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are ;  
 While on His breast I lean my head,  
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN

397.

C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,  
 And let it faint or die ;  
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale,  
 And soar to worlds on high ;  
 Shall join the disembodied saints,  
 And find its long-sought rest ;  
 The only bliss for which it pants,  
 In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
 I now the cross sustain ;  
 And gladly wander up and down,  
 And smile at toil and pain.  
 I suffer my appointed years,  
 Till my Deliverer come,  
 And wipe away His servant's tears,  
 And take His exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !  
 Before my ravish'd eyes,  
 Rivers of life divine I see,  
 And trees of paradise !  
 I see a world of spirits bright,  
 Who taste the pleasures there !  
 They all are robed in spotless white,  
 And conquerors' palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,  
 If, Lord, Thou count me meet,  
 With that enraptured host t' appear,  
 And worship at thy feet !  
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
 Take life or friends away ;  
 But let me find them all again  
 In that eternal day.

THOUGH I walk the downward shade,  
 Deepening through the vale of death,  
 Yet I will not be afraid,  
 But, with my departing breath,

I will glory in my GOD,  
 In my Saviour I will trust,  
 Strengthen'd by His staff and rod,  
 While this body falls to dust.

2 Soon on wings, on wings of love,  
 My transported soul shall rise,  
 Like the home-returning dove,  
 Vanishing through boundless skies ;  
 Then, where death shall be no more,  
 Sin nor suffering e'er molest,  
 All my days of mourning o'er,  
 In his presence I shall rest.

HYMN                    399.                    L. M.

THE moment comes, the only one  
 Of all my time to be foretold ;  
 Though when, and where, and how, can none  
 Of all the race of man unfold.

2 That moment comes, when strength must fail,  
 When, health and hope and comfort flown,  
 I must go down into the vale  
 And shade of death, with Thee alone.

3 Then, when the undying spirit lands  
 Where flesh and blood have never trod,  
 And in the unveil'd presence stands  
 Of Thee, my Saviour and my God ;

4 Be mine eternal portion this,  
 Since Thou wert always here with me,  
 That I may view Thy face in bliss,  
 And be for evermore with Thee.

HYMN

400.

C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wistful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

2 O, the transporting rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight !

3 O'er all those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There God, the Son, forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in His bosom rest ?

6 Filled with delight, my raptur'd soul  
Can here no longer stay ;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

HYMN

401.

C. M.

**T**HREE is a good and pleasant land,  
 On this side Jordan's stream ;  
 Where happy saints delighted stand,  
 And bask in glory's beam.

2 Lord, let me know, before I die,  
 The wonders of Thy hand ;  
 And let me see, with mortal eye,  
 That good and pleasant land.

3 And when Thy sovereign voice shall say,  
 "The World is not thy rest ;  
 Arise, depart, and come away,  
 To realms completely blest ;"

4 Then shall my terrors all have ceased,  
 Thy footprints I shall see,  
 My Lord, my God, my great High-Priest,  
 And I will pass to Thee !

5 If I have found upon the way  
 A good and pleasant land ;  
 What shall I find, when I survey  
 The joys at Thy right hand ?

HYMN

402.

S. M.

**F**OREVER with the Lord !  
 Amen, so let it be :  
 Life from the dead is in that word,  
 'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent, VI  
 Absent from Him I roam,  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,  
 Home of my soul, how near  
 At times to faith's illumined eye  
 Thy golden gates appear !

4 Ah then my spirit faints  
 To reach the land I love,  
 The bright inheritance of saints,  
 Jerusalem above.

5 Yet clouds will intervene,  
 And all my prospect flies ;  
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
 Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Lord, bid the clouds depart,  
 The winds and waters cease,  
 And sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart  
 Expand Thy bow of peace.

HYMN                    403.                    L. M.

THE hour of my departure's come,  
 I hear the voice that calls me home ;  
 At last, O Lord ! let trouble cease,  
 And let Thy servant go in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run,  
 The fight is o'er, the prize is won ;  
 And now my witness is on high,  
 And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust :  
I bow before Thee in the dust ;  
And through my Saviour's blood alone  
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,  
Save for the friends I hold so dear ;  
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,  
And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come, at Thy command,  
I yield my spirit to Thy hand ;  
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,  
And shield me in the last alarms.

6 The hour of my departure's come,  
I hear the voice that calls me home :  
Now, O my God ! let troubles cease ;  
Now let Thy servant go in peace.

HYMN                    404.                    III. 1.

DEATHLESS spirit, come, arise,  
Soar, thou native of the skies ;  
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,  
To His glorious likeness wrought,  
Go to shine before His throne,  
Deck His mediatorial crown ;  
Go, His triumphs to adorn,  
Born of God — to God return.

2 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay  
Sweetly breathe thyself away ;  
Singing, to thy crown remove,  
Swift of wing, and fired with love :

Shudder not to pass the stream ;  
 Venture all thy care on Him ;  
 No one object of his care  
 Ever suffered shipwreck there.

3 Saints in glory perfect made,  
 Wait thy passage through the shade ;  
 Ardent for thy coming o'er,  
 See, they throng the blissful shore ;  
 Mount, their transports to improve,  
 Join the longing choir above ;  
 Swiftly to their wish be given,  
 Kindle higher joy in heaven.

HYMN

405.

IV. 2.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;  
 Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
 And waft me away to His throne.

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,  
 Whom, not having seen, I adore,  
 Whose name is exalted above  
 All glory, dominion, and power :

3 Dissolve Thou the bands that detain  
 My soul from her portion in Thee,  
 Oh, strike off the adamant chain,  
 And make me eternally free.

4 Then that happy era begins,  
 When arrayed in Thy glory I shine,  
 And no longer pierce with my sins  
 The bosom on which I recline.

5 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,  
 And round me Thy brightness be pour'd,  
 I shall see Him whom absent I loved,  
 Whom, not having seen, I adored.

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## JUDGMENT.

HYMN

406.

C. M.

THE Angel comes, he comes to reap  
 The harvest of the Lord :  
 O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,  
 Wide waves his flaming sword.

2 And who are they in sheaves, to bide  
 The fire of vengeance, bound ?  
 The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride  
 Choked the fair crop around.

3 And who are they reserved in store,  
 God's treasure-house to fill ?  
 The wheat an hundred-fold that bore  
 Amid surrounding ill.

4 O King of mercy, grant us pow'r  
 The fiery wrath to flee ;  
 In thy destroying angel's hour,  
 O gather us to Thee !

5 To praise the Father and the Son,  
 And Spirit all divine,  
 The One in Three, and Three in One,  
 Let saints and angels join.

## HYMN

## 407.

## III. 3.

THAT great day of wrath and terror,  
 That last day of woe and doom,  
 Like a thief that comes at midnight  
 On the sons of men shall come;

- 2 When the King of heavenly glory  
 Shall assume His throne on high ;  
 When the bands of all His angels  
 Shall be near Him in the sky ;
- 3 When the sun shall turn to sackcloth,  
 And the moon be red as blood ;  
 When the stars shall fall from heaven,  
 As the leaves fall in a wood.
- 4 Therefore man, while yet thou mayest,  
 From the tempter's malice fly,  
 Give thy bread to feed the hungry,  
 If thou seek'st to win the sky.
- 5 Let thy loins be straightly girded,  
 Life be pure, and heart be right,  
 That whene'er the Bridegroom cometh,  
 Full thy lamp may shine and bright.

## HYMN

## 408.

## P. M.

## Dies Iræ.

DAY of wrath ! That day of mourning,  
 See ! once more the cross returning,  
 Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

- 2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,  
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,  
On whose sentence all dependeth !
- 3 Lo ! the trumpet's wondrous swelling,  
Peals thro' each sepulchral dwelling,  
All before the Throne compelling.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo, the book, exactly worded !  
Wherein all hath been recorded ;  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unaveng'd remaineth.
- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading ?  
Who for me be interceding ?  
When the just are mercy needing.
- 8 King of Majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity ! then befriend us !
- 9 Think, kind Jesu ! my salvation  
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation ;  
Leave me not to reprobation !
- 10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the cross of suff'ring bought me ;  
Shall such grace in vain be brought me !

11 Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that day's dread execution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning ;  
Spare, O God ! Thy suppliant, groaning !

13 Thou the harlot gav'st remission,  
Heardst the dying thief's petition :  
Hopeless else were my condition.

14 Worthless are my pray'rs and sighing,  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying !

15 With Thy favour'd sheep, O place me !  
Nor among the goats abase me ;  
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

16 While the wicked are confounded,  
Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded,  
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

17 Bow my heart in meek submission  
Strewn with ashes of contrition —  
Succour Thou my last condition.

18 Day of sorrows, day of weeping,  
When in dust no longer sleeping,  
Man awakes in Thy dread keeping !

19 To the rest Thou didst prepare him  
On Thy Cross, O Christ, upbear him :  
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.

HYMN

409.

P. M.

STAND th' omnipotent decree,  
 Jehovah's will be done ;  
 Nature's end we wait to see,  
 And hear her final groan.  
 Let those pond'rous orbs descend  
 And grind us into dust ;  
 Let this earth dissolve and blend  
 The wicked and the just :

2 Rests secure the righteous man ;  
 At his Redeemer's beck,  
 Sure to emerge and rise again,  
 And mount above the wreck ;  
 Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,  
 Like flames o'er nature's pyre ;  
 Triumphs in immortal powers,  
 And spreads his wings of fire.

3 Resting in this glorious hope  
 To be at last restored,  
 Yield we now our bodies up  
 To earthquake, plague, or sword ;  
 Listening for the trump divine,  
 The latest of the seven,  
 Soon our soul and form shall join,  
 And both ascend to heaven.

## H E A V E N.

HYMN

**410.**

C. M.

**G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above, how great their joys,  
 How bright their glories be !

2 Once they were mourning here below,  
   And wet their couch with tears ;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
   With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came ?  
   They, with united breath,  
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
   Their triumph to His death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that He trod,  
   His zeal inspired their breast,  
 And, following their incarnate God,  
   Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
   For His own pattern given ;  
 While the long cloud of witnesses  
   Show the same path to heaven.

HYMN

**411.**

III 3.

**M**INE be Zion's habitation,  
 Zion, David's sure foundation ;  
 Christ its glory, light immortal,  
 God its builder, pearl each portal.

2 Crystal gold its streets, the nation  
 Of the saved its population ;  
 Peace there dwelleth uninvaded,  
 Spring perpetual, bloom unfaded.

3 Harpers strike their harps of gladness,  
 There is known no sound of sadness,  
 None a sigh for pleasure sendeth,  
 None can err and none offendeth.

4 All partakers of one nature,  
 Grow in Christ to heavenly stature,  
 Home celestial, home eternal,  
 Girt around by love supernal !

5 Saviour, grant me, with the blessed,  
 Of Thy rest to be possessed,  
 And amid the joys it bringeth,  
 Sing the song that none else singeth.

HYMN

412.

C. M.

1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,  
 When shall I come to thee ?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?  
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 O happy harbour of God's saints !  
 O sweet and pleasant soil !  
 In thee no sorrow can be found,  
 Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,  
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night ;  
 But every soul shines as the sun ;  
 For God Himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
 Thy bulwarks diamond-square,  
 Thy gates are all of orient pearl :  
 O God ! if I were there !

5 O my sweet home, Jerusalem !  
 Thy joys when shall I see ?  
 The King that sitteth on thy throne  
 In His felicity ?

6 Thy gardens, and thy goodly walks  
 Continually are green,  
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
 As nowhere else are seen.

7 Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,  
 The living waters flow,  
 And on the banks, on either side,  
 The trees of life do grow.

8 Those trees each month yield ripen'd fruit ;  
 For evermore they spring,  
 And all the nations of the earth  
 To thee their honours bring.

9 O mother dear, Jerusalem !  
 When shall I come to thee ?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?  
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

HYMN

413.

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home !  
 J Name ever dear to me !  
 When shall my labours have an end,  
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
     And pearly gates behold,  
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
     And streets of shining gold ?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
     Nor sin nor sorrow know ;  
 Bless'd seats ! through rude and stormy scenes  
     I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and wo,  
     Or feel at death dismay ?  
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
     And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
     Around my Saviour stand ;  
 And soon my friends in Christ below,  
     Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home !  
     My soul still pants for thee.  
 Then shall my labours have an end,  
     When I thy joys shall see.

HYMN

414.

P. M.

JERUSALEM ! high tow'r thy glorious walls !  
 Would God I were in thee !  
 Desire of thee my longing heart enthrals,  
     Desire at home to be :  
 Wide from the world outleaping,  
     O'er hill and vale and plain,  
 My soul's strong wing is sweeping,  
     Thy portals to attain.

2 O gladsome day, and yet more gladsome hour !  
 When shall that hour have come,  
 When my rejoicing soul its own free pow'r  
 May use in going home ?  
 Itself to Jesus giving,  
 In trust to His own hand,  
 To dwell among the living,  
 In that blest Fatherland.

3 A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye  
 Shall be enough, to soar  
 In buoyant exultation, through the sky  
 And reach the heav'nly shore.  
 Elijah's chariot bringing  
 The homeward trav'ller there ;  
 Glad troops of angels winging  
 It onward through the air.

4 Great fastness thou of honour ! thee I greet !  
 Throw wide thy gracious gate,  
 An entrance free to give these longing feet ;  
 At last released, though late,  
 From wretchedness and sinning,  
 And life's long weary way ;  
 And now, of God's gift, winning  
 Eternity's bright day.

5 What throng is this, what noble troop, that  
 pours,  
 Array'd in beauteous guise,  
 Out through the glorious city's open doors,  
 To greet my wond'ring eyes ?

The host of Christ's elected,  
The jewels that He bears  
In His own crown, selected  
To wipe away my tears.

6 Of prophets great, and patriarchs high, a band  
That once has borne the cross,  
With all the company that won that land,  
By counting gain for loss,  
Now float in freedom's lightness,  
From tyrant's chains set free ;  
And shine like suns in brightness,  
Array'd to welcome me.

7 One more at last arriv'd they welcome there,  
To beauteous Paradise ;  
Where sense can scarce its full fruition bear  
Or tongue for praise suffice ;  
Glad hallelujahs ringing  
With rapturous rebound,  
And rich hosannahs singing  
Eternity's long round.

8 Unnumber'd choirs before the Lamb's high throne  
There shout the jubilee,  
With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone,  
In blissful ecstasy :  
A hundred thousand voices  
Take up the wondrous song ;  
Eternity rejoices  
God's praises to prolong.

## HYMN

## 415.

## II. 6.

TO thee, O dear, dear country,  
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
 For very love, beholding  
 Thy blessed name, they weep.  
 The mention of thy glory  
 Is unction to the breast,  
 And medicine in sickness,  
 And love, and life, and rest.

2 Brief life is here our portion,  
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
 The life that knows no ending,  
 The tearless life, is there.  
 Oh ! happy retribution !  
 Short toil, eternal rest ;  
 For mortals and for sinners  
 A mansion with the blest.

3 That we should look, poor wanderers,  
 To have our home on high !  
 That worms should hope for dwellings  
 Beyond the starry sky !  
 That we who fight the battle  
 Should then put on the crown  
 Of full, and everlasting,  
 And passionless renown !

4 O one, O only mansion !  
 O paradise of joy !  
 Whence tears are ever banish'd,  
 Where bliss has no alloy :

O garden free from sorrow !  
 O plains that fear no strife !  
 O princely bowers, all blooming !  
 O realm and home of life !

5 With jaspers glow Thy bulwarks,  
 Thy streets with emerald blaze ;  
 The sardius and the topaz  
 Unite in Thee their rays.  
 Thine ageless walls are bonded  
 With amethyst unpriced,  
 The saints build up its fabric,  
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

6 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 Reverberant with song ;  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 With many a martyr throng.  
 The Prince is ever in them,  
 The light is aye serene,  
 The pastures of the blessed  
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

7 There is the throne of David ;  
 And there, from toil releas'd,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast :  
 And they, beneath their Leader,  
 Who conquer'd in the fight,  
 Forever and forever  
 Are clad in robes of white.

8 I know not, Oh ! I know not,  
 What social joys are there ;  
 What pure, unfading glory,  
 What light beyond compare.

And when I fain would sing them,  
 My spirit fails and faints,  
 And vainly strives to image  
 Th' assembly of the saints.

9 Jerusalem the glorious,  
 The home of the Elect,  
 The dear and future vision  
 That eager hearts expect ;  
 E'en now by faith I see thee ;  
 E'en here thy walls discern,  
 For thee my thoughts are kindled,  
 And strive, and pant, and yearn.

HYMN

416.

C. M.

LET me not, Thou King Eternal,  
 Enter hell's domain infernal !  
 Where is grieving, where is sadness,  
 Where is sorrow, where is madness,  
 Where despair is ever sighing,  
 Where the worm is never dying,  
 Where the shameless are astounded,  
 Where the guilty are confounded.

2 Me may Zion welcome, saved,  
 Tranquil city, seat of David ;  
 God its builder, light immortal,  
 Orient pearl each blazing portal,  
 Crystal gold its streets ; the nation  
 Of the blest its population ;  
 Living rock the walls that bound it,  
 Christ the guard that dwells around it.

3 With what joyous gratulations  
 Throng thy gates the festive nations !  
 What the warmth of their embracing,  
 What the gems thy walls engraving !

Through that city's streets are wending,  
 Holy throngs their anthems blending ;  
 There may I, with myriads glorious,  
 Chaunt Thy praise in psalms victorious !

HYMN

417.

P. M.

**E**TERNITY ! Eternity !  
 How long art thou, Eternity ?  
 And yet to thee Time hastes away ;  
 Like as the war-horse to the fray,  
 Or swift as couriers homeward go,  
 Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.  
 Ponder, O man, Eternity !

2 Eternity ! Eternity !

How long art thou, Eternity ?  
 Even as on a perfect sphere,  
 Nor end nor outset can appear,  
 E'en so, Eternity, in thee,  
 Entrance nor exit can there be.  
 Ponder, O man, Eternity !

3 Eternity ! Eternity !

How long art thou, Eternity !  
 A little bird with fretting beak  
 Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,  
 Though but each thousand years it came,  
 Yet leave thee then, as now, the same.  
 Ponder, O man, Eternity !

4 Eternity ! Eternity !

How long art thou, Eternity ?  
 How terrible art thou in woe,  
 How blest where joys forever flow !  
 God's mercy shedding gladness bright,  
 His judgment, bitterness and night.  
 Ponder, O man, Eternity.

## GLORIA PATRI.

N. B.—The metre marks, affixed to the Hymns, refer to a division of the Metres, founded on the nature of the verse, into four Classes, marked—I., II., III., IV.

CLASS I. includes Common, Long, Short, and Peculiar metres, marked C. M., L. M., S. M., P. M.

CLASS II. includes the other Iambic metres, eight in number, marked II. 1, II. 2, II. 3, II. 4, &c., which may be named *Two, one*; *Two, two*; *Two, three*, &c.

CLASS III. includes the Trochaic metres, being five in number, marked III. 1, III. 2, III. 3, &c., which may be named *Three, one*; *Three, two*, &c.

CLASS IV. includes the metres consisting of Anapæsts, being five in number, marked IV. 1, IV. 2, IV. 3, &c., and may be named *Four, one*; *Four, two*, &c.

### CLASS I.

#### C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

#### L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heaven adore,  
Be glory as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

## S. M.

To God the Father, Son,  
 And Spirit, glory be,  
 As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
 To all eternity.

---

## CLASS II.

## II. 1.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host,  
 And saints on earth adore ;  
 Be glory as in ages past,  
 As now it is, and so shall last  
 When time shall be no more.

## II. 2.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host,  
 And suffering saints on earth adore ;  
 Be glory as in ages past,  
 As now it is, and so shall last  
 When time itself shall be no more.

## II. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be glory in the highest given,  
 By all on earth, and all in heaven,  
 As was through ages heretofore,  
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

## II. 4.

To God the Father, Son,  
 And Spirit, ever bless'd,  
 Eternal Three in One,  
 All worship be address'd,  
 As heretofore  
 It was, is now,  
 And shall be so  
 For evermore.

## II. 5.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,  
 To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,  
 As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

## II. 6.

ETERNAL praise be given,  
 And songs of highest worth,  
 By all the hosts of heaven,  
 And all the saints on earth,  
 To God, supreme confess'd,  
 To Christ, His only Son,  
 And to the Spirit bless'd,  
 Eternal Three in One.

## II. 7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,  
 Supreme o'er earth and heaven,  
 Eternal Three in One confess'd,  
 Be highest glory given,  
 As was through ages heretofore,  
 Is now, and shall be evermore,  
 By all in earth and heaven.

## II. 8.

By all on earth and all in heaven  
 Be everlasting glory given,  
 To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit; equal Three  
 In undivided Unity,  
 Ere time had yet its course begun :  
 As was, and is, be highest praise,  
 As still shall be through endless days.

---

## CLASS III.

## III. 1.

HOLY Father, holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One !  
 Glory, as of old, to Thee,  
 Now, and evermore shall be !

## III. 2.

PRAISE the Name of God most high,  
 Praise Him all below the sky,  
 Praise Him all ye heavenly host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;  
 As through countless ages past,  
 Evermore His praise shall last.

## III. 3.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,  
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,  
 As it was, and is, be given  
 Glory through eternal days.

## III. 4.

To the Father, throned in heaven,  
To the Saviour, Christ, His Son,  
To the Spirit, praise be given,  
Everlasting Three in One :  
As of old, the Trinity  
Still is worshipp'd, still shall be.

## III. 5.

GREAT Jehovah ! we adore Thee,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, joined in glory  
On the same eternal throne :  
Endless praises  
To Jehovah, Three in One.

---

## C L A S S I V.

## IV. 1.

BY angels in heaven  
Of every degree,  
And saints upon earth,  
All praise be address'd  
To God in Three Persons,  
One God ever bless'd,  
As it has been, now is,  
And ever shall be.

## IV. 2.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,  
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,  
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,  
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

## IV. 3.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,  
All praise to the Spirit, thrice bless'd,  
The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,  
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

## IV. 4.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be address'd,  
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever bless'd,  
All glory and worship from earth and from  
heaven,  
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

## IV. 5.

ALL glory and praise to the Father be given,  
The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from  
heaven ;  
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,  
And ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

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